

TALL IN THE SADDLE

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Story by

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1944 SHOOTING

DRAFT

EXT. GARDEN CITY STATION - DAY

CLOSE SHOT -- station signboard. It reads:

"GARDEN CITY"

small
CAMERA PANS to show the dusty platform of a typical
Arizona town of the late nineties.

figures,
Mexicans
CAMERA TRUCKS ALONG platform PAST a line of sleeping
consisting of a couple of drunks, an Indian, two
and a mongrel dog.

the
chair
window. The
opens
his
CAMERA STOPS on the window of the ticket office. Inside
office can be glimpsed the Station Agent dozing in a
with his feet up against the grill of the ticket
clicking of the signal indicator is heard. The agent
his eyes, flips up the indicator and begins to get to
feet sleepily.

MED. SHOT

a
to now
camera.

line of sleeping figures, with dog in f.g. The sound of
distant train whistle is heard o.s. The dog, which up
might have been dead, opens one eye and looks past

LONG SHOT

railway track with the three-car train approaching.

MED. SHOT

furiously
come
door

line of sleeping figures. The dog jumps up barking
and runs out of shot past camera. The sleeping figures
to life and look toward camera. At the same time, the
of the ticket office opens and the agent appears.

FULL SHOT

railway track. The train is now almost at the station.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

edge
slowly
man
cowboots
steps of
Behind

FULL SHOT -- with the line of men now standing on the
of the platform looking toward camera. Train steams
in past camera, and stops, with a tall, wide-shouldered
of about 28 (Rocklin), dressed in new store clothes,
and a broad-brimmed white hat, in f. g. standing on
day coach with a small valise and saddle in his hands.
Rocklin a conductor.

MED. SHOT

door of
platform
doors

baggage car. The baggageman is standing at the open
the car with two sacks of mail. He drops them to the
and waves to the conductor o.s. and begins to close the
of the baggage car.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

shadow
Agent's

on Station Agent and conductors. The latter signals the engineer. The train whistle sounds again o.s. and the of the moving train begins to pass across the Station face.

TRUCKING SHOT

in
the
exits
His
of
again.

As Rocklin comes along the platform carrying the valise one hand and balancing the saddle on his shoulder with other, a man behind him picks up the two mail sacks and from scene. The station bums look at Rocklin curiously. His expression giving no encouragement, they slink back out the sun and begin to settle down in their old places At the ticket office, Rocklin pauses and looks around uncertainly.

STATION AGENT

(at office door)
Expectin' someone?

ROCKLIN

(after a second's
pause)
I guess not. Where's the stagecoach
office?

STATION AGENT

(pointing)
Back of the depot.

EXT. GARDEN CITY STAGE DEPOT - DAY

is a

The stage is drawn up in front of the depot, over which sign --

RED ROCK STAGE

J. Harolday Proprietor

the

Rocklin, making his way along the walk, almost reaches

Dave,
lead
sees
glances
Dave's
bottle is
ground.
finds
snorts --

depot when his attention is arrested by the sight of
the stage driver, who has just rounded in front of the
horses. He pauses close to one horse's head. Rocklin
Dave take a bottle from his person, uncork it as he
around, and raise it to drink. The bottle is almost to
lips when the horse shies, swinging its head. The
knocked from the old fellow's hands and smashes on the
Now Rocklin witnesses a scene of intense fury, which he
amusing despite its seriousness. Old Dave rants and
beats his thighs, his heads, flings his arms wildly and
exhibits his utter disgust generally.

DAVE

(to horse)

Consarn you, Blossom -- lookit that --
jus' lookit what you done --

(some more pantomime)

I'm tellin' you, Blossom that --

(indicating broken
bottle)

-- makes you the most aggravatin'
female as ever I had a despise fer --
I've got a good notion to pizen you --
an' what's more --

by
his
uncorks

He stops talking abruptly because his hand has, quite
chance, felt the spare bottle he carries, which he has
forgotten in his anger. A most satisfying smile lights
bewhiskered face as he brings the bottle into view. He
it, and stepping a few paces from the horse, raises the
bottle.

DAVE

(to Blossom)

Heh-heh -- fooled you, didn't I? --

(chuckles)

Foiled myself, too.

ON ROCKLIN

who has been watching Dave's performance. He smiles his amusement and now proceeds toward the stage office.

INT. GARDEN CITY STAGE DEPOT - DAY

behind
pebble-
picked up
sacks

PAN SHOT. Rocklin enters and moves over to the counter, which is the stage agent, a mild-looking man with lens glasses. During the scene, the character who the mail sacks from the platform, comes in, dumps the on the counter and leaves.

STAGE AGENT

(to Rocklin)

Howdy.

ROCKLIN

(indicating stage)

That the stage for Santa Inez?

STAGE AGENT

(nods)

Leaving any minute.

a wad
counts

Rocklin puts his saddle on the counter, and taking out of bills, drops them on the counter. The Stage Agent out the fare.

STAGE AGENT

Santa Inez -- seventeen-fifty --
(returning the balance)

Name?

ROCKLIN

Rocklin.

takes
glances

The Stage Agent turns to make out the ticket. Rocklin some tobacco and paper from his vest pocket as he outside.

ROCKLIN

Mind if I ride alongside the driver?

STAGE AGENT

(over his specs)

It's all right with me -- if it's
all right with Dave -- He's mad --
His last trip -- Had a row with
Harolday, the boss -- Old-timer,
Dave -- an' a grumpy old cuss.

ROCKLIN

(soberly)

I like grumpy old cusses -- Hope to
live long enough to be one.

STAGE AGENT

(puzzled)

Yeah?

He shakes his head and hands Rocklin the ticket, and
moves over to the door with one of the mail sacks in his
hand.

EXT. GARDEN CITY STAGE DEPOT - DAY

The Stage Agent, carrying a mail sack, and Rocklin come
from the stage depot and reach the stage as Dave is in the
act of climbing up to the driver's seat.

STAGE AGENT

Here's your mail, Dave --

Dave looks over his shoulder at the Agent and steps to
the ground, as Rocklin climbs up to the driver's seat.

ROCKLIN

(as he steps up to
the seat)

-- and a passenger.

Dave glares at Rocklin climbing up to the seat, and he
is about to order him down when Rocklin, now seated, looks
down at him and asks rather wistfully --

ROCKLIN

Mind if I ride up here?

Dave does mind, but his better judgment tells him to
step

does
Rocklin
And
his

carefully in his attitude toward this stranger, who
things first, then asks permission. His only answer to
is a characteristic grimace which is eloquent enough.
now Dave turns on the Agent, who becomes the target of
pent-up wrath.

DAVE

Where's them wimmen?

STAGE AGENT

Up at the hotel.

DAVE

(yanking mail sack
from Agent)

Why ain't they here? -- This is the
stage depot, ain't it -- ?

(heaves sack into
boot)

Ain't it?

STAGE AGENT

You can pick 'em up there -- it's
only up the street --

DAVE

On'y up the street -- an' they cain't
walk it -- What's the matter -- don't
Easterners have laigs like other
folks?

meantime

Dave stalks around the rear of the coach. The Agent
stretches himself up toward Rocklin.

STAGE AGENT

(so Dave won't hear)

Hold tight when you git in the
mountains, mister -- When he gits
riled you can hear the passengers
prayin' for miles.

away,

Dave has climbed to his seat, and now the coach lurches
leaving the Agent shaking his head dubiously.

EXT. GARDEN CITY HOTEL - DAY

approaching as
from

From the porch of the hotel. We see the stage
the hotel handyman brings a trunk and a couple of bags
the hotel to the street. The coach pulls up and stops.

DAVE

(to handyman)
Whar's them wimmen? -- They waitin'
for you to carry 'em out?

taken by
Meantime,
arrow,

Before the handyman can answer, Dave's attention is
someone calling his name from across the street.
an Indian squaw wobbles from the hotel with bow and
etc. Rocklin buys bow and arrow.

SADDLER

(as he comes to Dave)
Dave -- Dave -- tell Arly Harolday
her saddle ain't ready yet, will ya?

DAVE

(getting to the ground)
I ain't tellin' that crazy female
nothin' -- Last time I seen her she
threatened to rip the hide off'n me
and bat me dizzy with it.

Dave goes to the rear of the coach.

SADDLER

(looks up to Rocklin)
Mister -- will you tell the Agent at
Santa Inez to tell Miss Harolday her
saddle ain't ready yet?

ROCKLIN

(nods)
I'll say that.

PORCH OF HOTEL

and a
women
taste

Miss Martin steps out onto the porch followed by Clara
gentleman, presumably the hotel manager or clerk. The
are obviously Easterners and are attired in the good

approaching
attractive
of the

of the period. Miss Martin is a domineering woman,
middle age. Her niece, Clara, is a well-bred,
girl of twenty-one and completely under the influence
older woman.

CLERK

(as group comes through
door)

By next year, madam, we expect to
have a bathtub on each floor.

Miss Martin stops short and looks o.s.

ON DAVE AT REAR OF THE COUCH

Martin

having a time lifting the trunk up into the boot. Miss
and the others come into the scene.

MISS MARTIN

Now don't drop it --

Dave pauses to see who is talking.

MISS MARTIN

At your age you'd best not be lifting
things so heavy.

DAVE

(grimaces)

Mebbe you're young enough to hoist
her up your own self.

(tries to lift trunk
again)

CLOSE SHOT

on Clara. She is looking rather timidly up at Rocklin.

CLOSE SHOT

Now

on Rocklin. He is grinning appreciatively at old Dave.
he notices Clara and regards her soberly a moment.

FULL SHOT

Dave has heaved the trunk in place and is securing it.

staring Miss Martin, about to enter the coach, notices Clara
up at Rocklin.

MISS MARTIN

Clara!

Clerk Clara snaps her attention from Rocklin to her aunt. The
assists steps to the side of the coach and opens the door. He
Clara inside -- and now Miss Martin.

INT. COACH - DAY

looks Miss Martin and Clara. Miss Martin is just sitting. She
coldly at Clara.

MISS MARTIN

(in low voice)

Staring as though you'd never seen a
man before.

EXT. GARDEN CITY HOTEL - DAY

to Dave, Rocklin and Clerk. Dave is at the moment climbing
swings his seat on the other side of the coach. The Clerk
or the door closed and looks up to Rocklin and speaks more
less confidentially.

CLERK

Try to hold him down or he'll scare
the women to death.

ON ROCKLIN

casually, He is looking down at the Clerk and answers quite
but loud enough to be heard by the women.

ROCKLIN

I never feel sorry for anything that
happens to a woman.

INT. COACH - DAY

women THROUGH window of door -- Miss Martin and Clara. The

smiles

have obviously overheard Rocklin's remark. Miss Martin vindictively at Clara, who flushes.

the

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the Clerk, who moves to coach door.

CLERK

Well, I hope you have a nice trip, ladies.

MISS MARTIN

I hope we get there -- wouldn't surprise me if we didn't.

EXT. GARDEN CITY HOTEL - DAY

On Dave and Rocklin.

DAVE

(mutters)

Wait till I get you on the road, you old buzzard, you'll be surprised all right.

He takes up the reins and shouts the team away.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. ARIZONA COUNTRY - DAY

black

whole

two

in

EXTREME LONG SHOT -- with the stage hardly more than a dot below, its curl of rising dust in the midst of the broad expanse. As the coach disappears from shot, the mounted men appear riding at an easy pace and continue the same direction as the coach.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT OF COACH - DAY

coach,

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Dave and Rocklin, the latter staring straight ahead. As they roll with the roll of the

Dave steals a look at his companion.

DAVE

I wonder why a young feller who don't
have to wants to come into this God
danged country?

Rocklin ignores Dave's question and continues staring
ahead.

Dave glances down toward the women.

DAVE

Say -- did you mean what you said
back there about wimmen?

ROCKLIN

(grimly)
Every word of it.

DAVE

(chuckling)
Then you're smarter than most.

ROCKLIN

Maybe I seen more of 'em than most.

DAVE

(looking at him
admiringly)
Shouldn't be surprised. Shouldn't be
a leettle bit surprised.
(reflectively)
All the same...

He breaks off and chuckles again.

ROCKLIN

(unsmilingly)
All the same -- what?

Dave doesn't reply, but lifting the pint of whiskey,
jerks
out the cork with one movement of his thumbnail.

DAVE

(offering bottle to
Rocklin)
Take a slug.

Rocklin drinks and gives the bottle back to Dave, who
all
but empties it in one pull.

DAVE

(holding up the bottle
and squinting through
it)

Whiskey and wimmen -- ever think how
much alike they are? Both fool you,
but you never figger out how to do
without 'em.

Rocklin makes no reply. Dave offers the bottle again.

DAVE

Take another.

ROCKLIN

Not just yet.

DAVE

(unoffended)

Well...

(putting the bottle
to his lips)

Here's to her.

ROCKLIN

Who?

DAVE

The next one that fools you.

time,
there is
over
He empties the bottle and shies it away. At the same
the coach hits a particularly bad patch of road and
muffled exclamation from inside the coach. Dave leans
and looks down o.s.

INT. COACH - DAY

is
MED. CLOSE SHOT -- Clara and Miss Martin. The former is
showing the effects of the rough ride, but the old lady
hanging on grimly.

EXT. DRIVER'S SEAT - DAY

Dave straightens up, grinning.

DAVE

(with relish)

Mighty rough stretch along here.

He whips up the team, at the same time weaving a little unsteadily in his seat.

ROCKLIN

Like me to speel you a while?

DAVE

Nope. I've had a few snorts but that don't make no difference. Leas'ways, never has...

(after a second's
pause)

Don't ever git wore out, and useless, like me.

ROCKLIN

Who're them as say you are?

DAVE

Harolday, for one. Oh, I ain't belly-aching. Reckon he's entitled to his opinion. But him and me never did see eye to eye.

ROCKLIN

What's wrong?

DAVE

It's constitootional, I reckon. Like that step-daughter of his is crazy -- he's too sane. Believes In law and order.

ROCKLIN

(grinning)

What's wrong with law and order?

DAVE

Depends on who's a-dishin' it out. Never was good at takin' orders meself. As for the law -- well, you'll soon find out what that means 'round these parts.

is
team on
The coach hits a particularly bad bit of road and there
an exclamation from inside. Dave grins and urges the
cheerfully.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. RIM - ARIZONA COUNTRY - DAY

long
From
visible.

FULL SHOT -- as Dave pulls up the stage at the top of a
downgrade and looks out appreciatively at the view.
this crest of the rim, a vast expanse of country is

CLOSE SHOT

stage. Miss Martin thrusts her head out of the window.

MISS MARTIN

Driver? Driver, what's the matter?

DAVE

Nothin'. Restin' hosses. Git out and
stretch yore laigs if you want.

MISS MARTIN

Resting horses? What for? I can see
with my own eyes it's downhill.

Dave brightens visibly at this challenge.

DAVE

You in such an all-fired hurry, lady?

MISS MARTIN

Certainly, we are in a hurry.

DAVE

(beaming)

Well -- we'll hurry some.

horses
the

His whip cracks like a rifle shot and the startled
literally jerk the heavy stage over the rim and down
grade.

LONG SHOT

the

grade, with the stagecoach bounding and reeling down
narrow road and around the sharp bends.

CLOSE FULL SHOT

is
from
hands and

Dave and Rocklin on stage as it thunders downhill. Dave leaning out and listening hopefully for the outcries within. None come. Rocklin is hanging on with both hands and mildly amused.

INT. STAGECOACH - DAY

The two women are really being scrambled.

EXT. STAGECOACH - ARIZONA COUNTRY - DAY

as if
himself.

CLOSE TWO SHOT -- Dave and Rocklin. Rocklin is as calm he were walking. Dave is more and more pleased with He again leans out to listen.

LONG SHOT

narrows
There
this

grade, with coach approaching in b.g. In f.g. the road and makes a sharp turn at the very edge of a precipice. is no possible way of getting the coach safely around turn except at a walk.

LONG SHOT

the

road, from point of view of driver's seat, establishing same menace ahead.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

of
drunk to
advise

Dave and Rocklin, as Rocklin glances out of the corner his eyes as if wondering whether or not Dave is too perceive the disaster. He makes no move, however, to or interfere.

FULL SHOT

last

road; at danger corner, as stage comes in. At the very

turn in second, Dave pulls in the horses and negotiates the safety.

CLOSE SHOT

outcry he stage. Dave grins at Rocklin, then listens for the out expects from the women within. The old lady's head bobs of the window.

MISS MARTIN

(fiercely)

Now what's the matter. Why are we stopping again?

grin Old Dave's mouth drops open, and as Rocklin begins to at his discomfiture.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STAN'S PLACE - DAY

into FULL SHOT of lonely adobe which serves as a combination the roadhouse, stage station and bar. As the coach rolls f.g., a little Mexican boy (Pablo) runs out to change horses.

PABLO

(as Rocklin swings down)

Buenas noches, senior.

ROCKLIN

Buenas noches, amigo.

PABLO

(grinning at the friendly tone)

Ha llegado anticipadamente, senior.

ROCKLIN

Tuvimos suerte en haber llegado.

unsteadily He glances pointedly at Dave who is climbing down and Pablo bursts out laughing.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Martin's on door of coach. As Dave comes into shot, Miss head pops out of the window.

DAVE

(gruffly)
We stop here.

MISS MARTIN

Why do we stop here?

DAVE

If you wanta eat and stretch yore laigs.

MISS MARTIN

Will you please stop referring to my legs!

DAVE

You got some, ain't you?

He turns and lurches toward the roadhouse.

INT. STAN'S PLACE - DAY

one FULL SHOT from doorway. It is a large barn-like room on side of which is a bar. On the other side is a fireplace and a partition behind which is a rough dining table and benches. Standing at the bar drinking with his back to the door is a wizened little man, dressed in an odd assortment of ragged garments of unrecognizable origin. On the counter is a travelling prospector's pack, to which is strapped an assortment of prospector's equipment, including a pick and shovel. As Dave enters, the man (Zeke) turns around and reveals a face even hairier than Dave's.

ZEKE

(holding out his arms)
Dave!

DAVE

(letting out a yell
and rushing to Zeke)

Why, Zeke, you two-legged old coot!

CLOSE SHOT

Zeke and Dave as they beat one another on the back.

DAVE

Whar you been all these months?

ZEKE

Up in the hills workin' my way down
the biggest hole you ever seed.

DAVE

Good -- What's at the bottom of it?

ZEKE

Nothin'!

DAVE

(roaring with laughter)
What, again!!

MED. SHOT

and
at
45

Rocklin has entered and moved to the fire. Miss Martin
Clara enter and stand in the doorway watching the scene
the bar. A pale-faced, dyspeptic-looking man of about
(Stan) comes from the kitchen and approaches them
ingratiatingly.

STAN

Good evening, ladies. How about
something to eat?

MISS MARTIN

(with a dubious look
toward the pair at
the bar)
Well -- if it won't take too long.

STAN

(leading the way toward
the partition)
This way, ladies.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Was
phonograph.

bar. Dave has just fitted a cylindrical record of "She
Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" to an old-type

DAVE

Yep -- this is my last trip.

ZEKE

Why?

DAVE

Old Harolday won't take back what he
said.

ZEKE

What'd he say?

DAVE

"You're fired."

the

They both yell with laughter and slap one another on
back.

MED. SHOT

down at
pocket

from fireplace. Rocklin is standing in f.g. looking
the fire and making the inevitable cigarette from his
dip. Seated at the table are Clara and Miss Martin.

From

o.s. comes the sound of Zeke and Dave singing to the
phonograph record. Miss Martin glares indignantly in

the

direction of the bar, obviously about to make a

protest. At

this moment Stan comes from the kitchen with a large

dish in

his hand which he dumps on the table.

STAN

There you are, folks. Dig in and
help y'rselves.

dish

Miss Martin, sitting forward eagerly, suddenly sees the
of meat and freezes.

CLOSE SHOT

dish of meat. It is swimming in greasy brown gravy.

MED. SHOT

her Miss Martin as she shudders dyspeptically and closes eyes.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

bar, as Stan comes from the table to Dave and Zeke.

STAN

Supper, Dave?

DAVE

(noisily)

I'm drinkin' mine. Set 'em up.

MED. SHOT

offers table. Clara has filled a plate with food, which she to her aunt.

CLARA

Auntie --

MISS MARTIN

With my dyspepsia? Do you want to kill me?

Rocklin. Clara hesitates for a second, then looks across to

CLARA

Aren't you going to have any supper?

ROCKLIN

Reckon so.

a He comes to table and begins to help himself. There is loud burst of laughter from the bar.

MISS MARTIN

Young man, that driver's had all the liquor he can take.

ROCKLIN

Has he?

MISS MARTIN

You know he has. You're not a complete fool, are you?

ROCKLIN

Frequently.

MISS MARTIN

(to Clara, furiously)

The rudeness of people in these parts is appalling!

Clara looks apologetically at Rocklin, then away again nervously. Suddenly, she sees something o.s. and drops her knife and fork with a little start.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

the lower younger of hotel. window. A thin, unpleasant-looking face is seen through glass. The windowpane is defective and so distorts the part of the face into a hideous smile. It is the the two men who were watching the coach outside the

PANNING SHOT

potatoes. on kitchen door as Stan comes through with a dish of A man's voice is heard o.s. and he pulls up abruptly.

BOB CLEWS' VOICE

Well, well -- smells like a mighty nice bit of veal.

window the doorway. dirty latter CAMERA HAS PANNED TO include the side door next to the and almost opposite to the dining table. The owner of face at the window (Bob Clews) is now standing in the Behind him is the man with the sheriff's badge on his vest (Jackson). As they come forward toward Stan, the shows obvious signs of nervousness.

BOB CLEWS

Doin' yourself well these days, Stan.

STAN

A friend of mine was by an' sold me
a quarter of beef.

JACKSON

(insinuatingly)
The same friend as sold you that
hide Bob, here, found stashed in
your barn yesterday?

STAN

Hide -- What hide?

BOB CLEWS

The one that might send you to the
penitentiary.

JACKSON

(smugly)
What did you do with it, Stan?

STAN

I never had no hide stashed --

BOB CLEWS

(harshly)
I saw it yesterday under the hay.

STAN

Then it must still be there.

JACKSON

No it ain't -- we looked -- Where is
it?

STAN

I tell ya --

MISS MARTIN

(who has been an
interested witness)
What is all this?

time,
Jackson, as though noticing the women for the first
raises his hat.

JACKSON

Afternoon ma'am. Miz Caldwell ain't
it?

MISS MARTIN

No -- Martin -- Miss Martin -- This is Miss Caldwell.

JACKSON

(to Clara)

Glad to know you, miss -- Been expectin' you at Santa Inez. I'm Sheriff Jackson. Any relation of Red Caldwell's a friend of mine.

BOB CLEWS

(that oily smile)

You're sure gonna brighten things up considerable around the K.C. Ranch.

Miss Martin gives Clews an icy stare and snaps her eyes to Jackson.

MISS MARTIN

(indicating Stan)

What's going on with him?

JACKSON

Just a little matter of the law.

BOB CLEWS

(hastily)

Rustlin'.

MISS MARTIN

Wrestling?

BOB CLEWS

Rustlin' -- cattle stealin'.

MISS MARTIN

Oh -- a thief --

STAN

(visibly worried)

I tell ya I never --

BOB CLEWS

(quickly)

Save it --

JACKSON

(to Miss Martin)

Matter of fact -- Bob, here, says that the hide he saw yesterday had

the K.C. brand on it.

MISS MARTIN

Oh -- hmmm -- well, what do you intend doing about it?

BOB CLEWS

(looking at Stan)
Law's pretty harsh 'round here on cattle thieves.

JACKSON

(being the kind man)
Course, we don't want to make a mistake with an old-timer, but --

casually
Rocklin speaks from where he leans against the wall, smoking.

ROCKLIN

How about the owner of that beef -- mightn't he have somethin' to say about it?

attention to
There's a pause in which all have turned their Rocklin.

JACKSON

Meanin'?

ROCKLIN

Red Caldwell -- he's the owner of the K.C., ain't he?

BOB CLEWS

(after a short chuckle)
You're 'way behind the herd, mister -- Red Caldwell died three weeks ago.

MISS MARTIN

(glaring at Clews)
Was murdered, you mean.

JACKSON

That's right -- shot in the back -- not far from here.

BOB CLEWS

(significantly to Stan)

Maybe he was gettin' on to things
about the cattle that's been missin'
from the K.C. lately.

STAN

I tell ya I ain't never had any hide --

BOB CLEWS

(quickly)

Well, you got beef --

STAN

(meekly defiant)

Yes -- an' I got a bill of sale fer
it, too.

Jackson and Clews exchange a quick glance.

JACKSON

S'pose you let me see that bill of
sale.

STAN

(starts for kitchen)

It's right out here.

Jackson follows, looking at the women.

JACKSON

Like I said -- I wouldn't want to
make a mistake with an ole-timer.

the
Clara,
Jackson follows Stan into the kitchen. Clews moves to
fire and lunges there picking his teeth and eyeing
who stirs uneasily under the man's gaze.

MED. SHOT

has
notes
makes a
and
b.g.,
as Rocklin comes out of the thoughtful mood in which he
been plunged by the information about Red Caldwell and
the by-play between Clews and Clara. He frowns and
movement as if about to rise. At the same time, Dave
Zeke, whose voices have been heard throughout In the
stagger into the shot.

DAVE

(chuckling and pointing
to Miss Martin)
See that one?
(confidentially)
She ain't got no laigs.

MISS MARTIN

Hold your tongue.
(to Zeke, who is gaping
at her)
And you -- stop staring as if we
were monsters.

Zeke takes it and staggers into the b.g. near Bob
Clews.

DAVE

(to Rocklin)
Where's Stan? We got to have another
drink.

ROCKLIN

He's outside tryin' to explain away
a hide.

DAVE

Eh?

ROCKLIN

(indicating food)
Seems we're eatin' stolen beef.

DAVE

Somebody's loco. Stan might have
given house-room to bit o' dead beef,
but he'd never be fool enough to
leave the hide lyin' around.
(to Zeke)
How 'bout it, Zeke?

Zeke opens his mouth to speak, and slowly folds up,
sliding
down the wall to the floor.

MED. SHOT

as Clews comes from the fireplace and joins the group.

BOB CLEWS

That's the way it is, Dave.

closely,
Dave has gone to Zeke's aid and now peers at Clews
recognizing him for the first time.

DAVE

(disgustedly)
Oh -- it's you.

BOB CLEWS

That's right -- your old pal Bob
Clews.

DAVE

(shoves Clews)
Git away from me -- you two-timin'
horse thief.

BOB CLEWS

(grinning)
Them's fightin' words, pardner.

picking
Stan and Jackson come from the kitchen. Dave is again
up Zeke, but seeing Stan, lets Zeke drop.

DAVE

(moving to Stan)
Hey, Stan -- don't let 'em hang
nothin' on you, you ain't done.
They're just a couple of fourflushers --
the pair of 'em, everybody knows
that.

Smile.
Jackson addresses everyone present with an indulgent

JACKSON

Crazy drunk.

DAVE

(wheels on Jackson)
Mebbe I am drunk -- mebbe that's why
I'm tellin' the truth -- I'm drunk
an' I'll say what I think -- I'll
say what I know.

for a
Zeke, on the floor, takes up Dave's belligerent mood
flash.

ZEKE

So will -- I --

(goes out again)

Jackson goes to Dave.

JACKSON

Don't act up this ways, Dave -- They's
women watchin'.

urge
Clews moves in to Jackson and Dave, and now both men
Dave toward the door.

DAVE

(attempting to throw
them off)
Git your hands off me --

BOB CLEWS

(to company in general)
What he needs is a short lay-down.

ROCKLIN

(taking a step forward)
I'll lend a hand.

JACKSON

(brushing past him)
Me an' Bob'll look after him. We're
his friends -- come on, Bob.
(as they steer Dave
through door)
Careful now -- don't hurt him.

toward
dishes,
etc.
They exit. Rocklin stands frowning a second, then turns
the table where Stan is making a show of clearing
etc.

ROCKLIN

(quietly to Stan)
How are things standin' now between
you an' the law?
(indicates direction
Jackson went out)

STAN

(not wanting to talk
about it particularly)
All right, I reckon --
(looks at Rocklin;
more confidently)

I guess this bill of sale --
 (indicates it in Vest
 pocket)
-- kinda winded him.

Rocklin's lips curl in a wise smile.

ROCKLIN

Good thing you saved it.

Zeke is discovered on all fours crawling around on the
floor
looking
near the table where the women sit. He seems to be
for something.

MISS MARTIN

(mystified)

What are you doing?

Zeke turns his hairy face up toward Miss Martin.

ZEKE

Musta been dreamin' -- Thought I was
sittin' on a pot of gold.

STAN

(wearily)

There ain't no gold here.

ZEKE

(takes it)

There ain't even a pot.

The door leading from the barn opens and Jackson enters
followed by Clews a few steps behind.

ROCKLIN

How is he?

JACKSON

Went to sleep soon's we laid him
down.

(pulling off hat again)

Sorry to have a ruckus in front of
you ladies. Dave's an ornery old
cuss when he gets goin' -- No shape
to drive on, I'm afraid.

MISS MARTIN

(this is a fine kettle
of fish)

Hmmm --

JACKSON

Don't worry, ma'am. Bob, here, 'll take you on in -- knows every inch of the road -- Don't you?

BOB CLEWS

(grins)
You bet.

Rocklin has been listening intently.

ROCKLIN

I'm drivin'.

CLOSE SHOT

Jackson,
of the group, with Clews looking significantly at who is obviously checkmated by Rocklin's remark.

JACKSON

(finally speaks)
But if anything was to happen to the ladies, I'd feel -- to blame.

ROCKLIN

Don't.

coach.
turns
He turns abruptly and walks out the front door to the Jackson stares after him a moment, uncertain. Now he to the women.

JACKSON

You ladies want he should drive?

Miss Martin hesitates.

BOB CLEWS

I'll be more'n glad to accommodate you --
(smiles at Clara)

MISS MARTIN

(resenting Clews' familiarity)
He's going with us anyway -- he may as well drive.

JACKSON

Anything you say, ma'am.

EXT. STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

house.
lightly. A
MED. SHOT -- coach as Rocklin moves toward it from the
A crudely made arrow shoots in and hits Rocklin
warning hiss is heard o.s. and he turns quickly in the
direction of the sound.

EXT. STABLE - STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

attended
MED. SHOT -- door of stable. The little Mexican who
the horses is peering out from the stable.

MEXICAN

(in a whisper)
Venga con migo, senior.

into
stable.
The kid disappears inside the stable. Rocklin comes
shot from the direction of the coach and enters the

INT. STABLE - STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

boy, who
cut
scene
Rocklin comes through the door and moves toward the
is standing looking downward into some hay.
CAMERA PANS DOWN to show Dave unconscious, with a nasty
in his scalp. Rocklin kneels into the shot. Over the
comes the sound of retreating hoofbeats.

EXT. STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jackson
LONG SHOT -- from Rocklin's ANGLE in the stable, of
and Bob Clews riding away.

INT. STABLE - STAN'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON SHOT.

ROCKLIN

(to boy)
Did they do it?

MEXICAN

(nods)
Si, senior. They hit him with a
pistola.

ROCKLIN

(matters)
His friends, eh?

him He kneels again, picks Dave up, and prepares to carry
out.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY - ROAD TO SANTA INEZ - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of stagecoach traveling.

CLOSE SHOT

expertly. Rocklin on the driver's seat, handling the reins

INT. COACH - NIGHT

next
against
upright
to
sprawled
sound
wakes
PANNING SHOT -- with Miss Martin and Clara now seated
to one another. Clara is half asleep with her head
the side of the coach. Miss Martin is sitting bolt
but her eyes are closed and her head nods. CAMERA PANS
include the other side of the coach where Dave is
in the seat, his head on a cushion, his mouth open,
asleep. Suddenly he snores violently, and Miss Martin
with a start and glares at him angrily.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STAGE DEPOT - SANTA INEZ - NIGHT

PANNING SHOT on sign on window which reads:

RED ROCK STAGE SANTA INEZ DEPOT

Proprietor -- J. Harolday

Rocklin

CAMERA PANS to show the coach pulled up outside, with lifting his saddle from the top of the coach, whilst a stableman holds up Dave.

STABLEMAN

What happened?

ROCKLIN

Bumped his head.

STABLEMAN

(skeptically)

Where -- on Iron Mountain?

ROCKLIN

Where's the best chance of a cheap room?

STABLEMAN

(pointing)

There's Cap's place across the Street -- the Sun-Up Saloon.

ROCKLIN

(with valise, indicates saddle)

I'll pick that up later.

MED. SHOT

Martin's

group, to include the window of the coach. Miss head appears.

MISS MARTIN

(to stableman)

This isn't the hotel.

STABLEMAN

No'm, lady. Hotel's up the street a piece.

MISS MARTIN

Are we expected to carry our bags at this time of night?

STABLEMAN

(to Rocklin)

Want to drive 'em on up?

ROCKLIN

(flatly)
Nope.
(offering a shoulder
to Dave)
Here -- catch aholt.

the
The two move out of shot across the road, followed by
indignant gaze of Miss Martin.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

which
PANNING SHOT -- opening on the sign over the door,
reads:

SUN-UP SALOON

the
into
CAMERA PANS to show Rocklin and Dave coming along the
boardwalk in front of the saloon. CAMERA PANS them to
swing-doors, which Rocklin pushes open, passing through
the saloon.

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

swing-
lean,
then
PANNING SHOT -- SHOOTING FROM BEHIND the bar toward the
doors as Dave and Rocklin enter. The bartender (Cap), a
tallish man of about 50, studies them as they enter,
turns and calls across the room.

CAP

Hey Doc!

around a
looking man
weak
35
(Pap
and
CAMERA PANS to show a group of poker players seated
table. This consists of a well-dressed, powerful-
of about 45 (Judge Garvey), with a smooth face and an
impressive manner; a flashily-dressed young man with a
face (Clint Harolday); a tough-looking cowboy of about
(Ab Jenkins); a pleasant-faced storekeeper of about 50
Fossler); and a little man with a weather-beaten face

Sam
latter

intensely blue eyes (Doc Riding). Watching the game are Haynes and Shorty Davis, the former a townsman and the a cowboy. As they all look toward the door, Cap's voice continues.

CAP'S VOICE

Customer --

Doc Riding looks quickly toward the door, taking in the situation.

DOC RIDING

(to Haynes)

Take my hand, Sammy.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Riding

Rocklin and Dave come to the bar. At the same time, Doc comes into shot from the poker table.

DOC RIDING

What happened?

ROCKLIN

Bumped his head.

DOC RIDING

(dryly)

I see.

(examining the head)

Looks like he's going to need a couple or so stitches.

(to Cap)

Better get him upstairs.

The bartender looks dubious.

ROCKLIN

(nodding)

Okay. You can book me a room, too.

As Rocklin and Doc Riding begin to lead Dave toward the Stairs.

DISSOLVE IN

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

lies in
clean

TRUCKING SHOT -- starting on big head of Dave, as he
bed, with his eyes closed. His head is swathed in a
bandage. He stirs and gives a little chuckle.

DAVE

(muttering)

No laigs.

Rocklin

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Doc Riding at the bed and

has

beyond, standing in the connecting doorway between two
bedrooms. The latter has a face towel in his hands and

comfortably

evidently been washing up. As Dave settles down

and

in the bed, Doc Riding closes his bag, nods to Rocklin

moves toward the second bedroom.

INT. ROCKLIN'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

doorway

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- as Doc Riding comes through the

from Dave's room.

DOC RIDING

He'll be all right in the morning.

Rocklin closes door behind him.

DOC RIDING

How about a snort?

ROCKLIN

Don't mind if I do.

throws

He moves across the room, followed by Rocklin, who

he

the towel down on the bed as he passes. For a second,

lying

hesitates as if about to pick up the gun-belt which is

doctor

on the bed. Then, deciding to leave it, he follows the

through the door.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

for

MED. CLOSE SHOT -- at bar, with Cap Setting up glasses

Doc Riding and Rocklin. He nods to indicate the bedroom upstairs.

CAP

(with a grin)

Will he make it?

DOC RIDING

Sure he'll make it. Can't kill off a salty old hairpin like Dave that easy.

CAP

You're right. Reckon Saint Peter must be gitten' mighty tired of dustin' off that doormat for him.

(to Rocklin)

By the way, how did you say it happened?

ROCKLIN

(stolidly)

I didn't.

CAP

(with a slight nod of approval)

That's right; you didn't.

(casually)

Reason I ask is, a couple fellers was in saying how Dave was kickin' up a ruckus up at Stan's place.

(to Doc Riding)

Sheriff Jackson it was and one of the Clewses.

DOC RIDING

(with a look of distaste)

Oh!

undertone

Cap reverts to Rocklin, still casually, but with an of friendly warning.

CAP

Tough customers, the Clewses.

DOC RIDING

Yeah -- don't pay to start something

with 'em you don't intend to finish.

CAP

(to Doc Riding before
Rocklin can answer)
By the way, Doc, they tell me
George'll be out again.

(to Rocklin, with the
same casual air)
That's Bob Clews' brother. Jest done
a stretch in pen 'tentiary for horse
stealin'.

ROCKLIN

They string 'em up for that where I
come from.

DOC RIDING

(muttering into his
drink)
Pity they didn't string him up while
they wore about it.

CAP

That's what Arly Harolday was sayin'
only this mornin'.
(to Rocklin)
You ain't met our Arly yet, I reckon?

DOC RIDING

He will, if he stays here long enough.
(chuckles)

CAP

Hell-fire in skirts.

DOC RIDING

(raises his glass;
grinning)
Well, here's now.

comment
They down the drinks. There is a burst of excited
table.
from o.s. and they all look around toward the poker

MED. SHOT

raking
Poker table from bar. The flashily-dressed youngster is
in the stakes triumphantly.

CLINT

What did I tell you? They gotta be big to beat me!

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Group at bar.

CAP

Clint Harolday's in luck tonight.

DOC RIDING

They're certainly running for him. About time, too. He's taken a beating this last week would shake a better man.

MED. SHOT

and is
Poker table and including bar. Sammy Haynes has risen pushing back his chair.

SAMMY

Include me out.

CLINT

Aw -- come on. Can't you take it?

SAMMY

Not that sort o' luck, I can't. Besides, I on'y came in to oblige.

CLINT

(turning to bar and shouting)

Come on, Doc. I still got to take something from you.

DOC RIDING

(shaking his head)

No more tonight, son. I've a full day ahead.

as if
Judge Garvey in foreground has been watching Rocklin, trying to sum him up. He now leans forward with an ingratiating smile.

GARVEY

How about you, sir? Care to sit In? I'm warnin' you, though -- our young

friend here has been holding
phenomenal cards.

Rocklin smiles and begins to shake his head.

CLINT

(with a cocky grin)

Have a heart, Judge. This ain't no
two-bit saddle-tramp's game. This is
for real money.

others
comes
wad of
sinking
the
Rocklin turns very slowly and stares at Clint. The
watch curiously. Without taking his eyes off Clint, he
forward slowly and stands looking down at him. Then,
unbuttoning the flap of his pocket, he takes out the
bills and drops it on the table, at the same time
into the chair vacated by Sammy. The tension amongst
onlookers relaxes and Clint grins at Garvey and winks
significantly.

GARVEY

Fine! Oh -- this is Pap Fossler;
Shorty Davis; Ab Jenkins; Mr.
Harolday, and my name's Garvey --
Judge Garvey. I didn't get your name.

ROCKLIN

I didn't give it.
(to Pap, who is holding
the cards)
Deal.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. SUN-UP BAR - NIGHT

watching.
tension
restrain a
MED. SHOT -- poker table, including Cap, who is
Pap Fossler is dealing. There is an atmosphere of
around the table, and it is obvious that Clint has been
losing. As he picks up his cards, he is unable to

the

smile of triumph. Rocklin makes a bet. Pap Fossler and man next to him fold immediately.

CLINT

Raise you twenty.

This is more than Rocklin has in front of him.

PAP

(quietly)

Table stakes, Clint.

CLINT

Not if he wants to dig.

raise.

He stares challengingly at Rocklin. Rocklin takes out a wallet, from which he removes a bill and sees the

GARVEY

(folding)

No place for me.

PAP

Cards?

ROCKLIN

One.

CLINT

(eagerly)

One for me.

result

gleefully,

him

He reaches for it almost before it is dealt and as a the card, a Queen, falls face up. Clint looks at it snatches it up and puts it in his hand. Rocklin watches impassively.

ROCKLIN

Don't you know that Queen is dead?

CLINT

I can take it if I want it.

ROCKLIN

Sure -- if you want -- but you'll have to beat my hand with four cards.

CLINT

(hotly)

I'm playing these, mister!

Rocklin glances inquiringly at the other players. All
are
toward
dead-panned, unwilling to interfere. Rocklin looks
Cap, who stands near him.

CAP

(shaking his head)

I'm not settin' in.

GARVEY

(smoothly)

Why don't you split the pot?

CLINT

I'm not splitting -- I'm betting!

He shoves all the money in front of him into the pot.

CLINT

Are you calling?

ROCKLIN

(calmly)

No.

Clint excitedly starts to rake in the pot.

ROCKLIN

I'm raising.

He shoves in the money in front of him, which is more
than
bills.
Clint's and in addition takes from his wallet more

ROCKLIN

Dig.

Clint, very excited, empties his pockets, which is not
enough.

CLINT

(to other players)

Let me have some money

PAP

(speaking for all)

You're in deep enough, Clint.

CLINT

(disgusted, to Rocklin)
I've called for all I've got.
(spreads out his cards)
Full house.

ROCKLIN

No good.
(spreads his hand)
Kings up. Your third queen is dead.

hysterical,
Rocklin's
fire.

Rocklin starts raking in the pot. Clint, almost jumps up, draws his gun and thrusts it almost into face. The other players roll away from the line of

CLINT

(screaming)
You -- mister -- get away from that table. And get out of here. Maybe from now on you'll know a full house beats two pairs -- four-flusher!

rises
from

Rocklin, his hands outspread, slowly straightens up, and backs away. At the foot of the stairs, he turns deliberately and walks upstairs. When he disappears view --

CLINT - WITH OTHERS AT THE POKER TABLE

other.

Clint breaks the tension, looking from one to the

CLINT

No man can run a bluff on me.

There is a cold silence.

PAP

(finally)
He wasn't armed.

CAP

I don't like to tell men how to play cards unless I'm settin' in -- but I mebbe ought to have spoken up.

(directly to Clint)
That Queen was dead, Clint -- and
you know it.

CLINT

(arrogantly)
When anybody plays poker with me,
they play my game or not at all.

CAP

You can't just go makin' your own
rules, Clint --
(starts for the bar --
stops and turns)
-- an' if I was you I'd hightail
outa here before he comes back.

CLINT

(jolted)
Comes back?

CAP

(wearily)
He's the kind.

stops
Cap turns and resumes his trek to the bar. Suddenly he
before reaching it and is looking up, o.s.

THE TOP OF STAIRS FROM CAP'S ANGLE

situation. As
Rocklin is standing there grimly surveying the
he starts down the stairs...

THE GROUP AROUND THE POKER TABLE

Rocklin
They are staring o.s. Clint is very uneasy. And now
moves slowly into the scene.

ROCKLIN

(with deadly calm)
I've come for my money.

CLINT

(nervously pleasant)
It's all yours, mister -- Cap, there --
Cap is an old gambler -- he says you
were right all the time.

response.
the
foot
with a

Clint again looks around for approval, but gets no
Rocklin comes slowly forward, picks up the money from
table and turns back to the stairs. As he reaches the
of the stairs, he turns and looks straight at Garvey
peculiar expression.

ROCKLIN

By the way, Judge -- the name is
Rocklin.

FADE OUT

INT. ROCKLIN'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

be

TRUCKING SHOT -- on a small cracked mirror in which can
seen the reflection of a man shaving. A voice is heard
singing, atrociously off key.

SINGER'S VOICE

She was only a bird in a gilded
cage...
(etc.)

is
his
cracked
turns,
missing
door

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show that the owner of the voice
Rocklin, who has almost finished shaving. As he scrapes
chin and whistles, peering at himself in the little
mirror, he hears the sound of the door opening and
then ducks quickly as a boot flies past him, just
the mirror. There is the sound of the door slamming and
Rocklin grins. He picks up the boot and goes to the
leading to Dave's room.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

sitting
the

As Rocklin enters, Dave is discovered almost dressed
on the bed. Rocklin, glad to see him, smiles and tosses
boot to him.

ROCKLIN

How you feelin'?

DAVE

After that singin'? -- Thirsty.
(pulls on his boot)

ROCKLIN

How's your head?

DAVE

(evidently not aware
of what happened)
Oh -- a mite hungover -- but I'll
feel better once I git downstairs.

old He hurries out the hall door. Rocklin, amused at the
coot, starts back into his room.

INT. ROCKLIN'S BEDROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

something Rocklin is just coming through the door and sees
o.s., stops and freezes.

the CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Bob Clews leaning against
as open ball door leading into Rocklin's room. He smiles
Rocklin sees him.

BOB CLEWS

I knocked, but guess you didn't hear
me.

ROCKLIN

(closing door to Dave's
room)
What do you want?

BOB CLEWS

(grinning)
Looks like you stirred things up
around here last night, stranger.

ROCKLIN

That all you came to say?

BOB CLEWS

No. I got a message for you.
(getting no response)

From Old Man Harolday. Wants to see
you out front.

ROCKLIN

What about?

BOB CLEWS

Maybe he wants to thank you for
teaching that pup of his a lesson.

ROCKLIN

(after a second)

I'll be down.

he
Rocklin
his
door.

Clews hesitates for a second as if anxious to wake sure
is coming, then, turning, he disappears into the hall.
wipes the last of the lather off his chin, buckles on
gun-belt and picking up his hat goes out, closing the

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

shudders
voices
side

MED. SHOT -- Dave, at the bar, grabbing a bottle, pours
himself a drink which he sinks in one draught. He
and repeats the dose. During this, an excited murmur of
has been heard o.s. Dave turns and looks toward the far
of the saloon and suddenly gapes.

MED. SHOT - FROM THE BAR

group
the
across to

with Dave in f.g., and SHOOTING TOWARD the street. A
of men, including Cap, the bartender, is gathered round
window looking out into the street. Dave staggers
them and begins to push his way to the window.

MED. SHOT

of

group at window as Dave pushes them aside to get a view
what is happening outside.

DAVE

What's goin' on here?

PAP FOSSLER

Arly Harolday's on the warpath.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

front of
across

PANNING SHOT -- including Arly and Juan mounted in the stagecoach office, which is situated diagonally the street from the Sun-Up.

Fossler's

CAMERA HOLDS ON one group standing in front of Pap store, opposite the Sun-Up.

AD LIBS

Here he comes. Watch the fun. This should be good. Etc.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

are

ON the window. The men inside, including Dave and Cap, pressed against the glass.

of

CAMERA MOVES BACK and PANS TO the alleyway at the side the saloon. Rocklin is coming toward the street.

CLOSE SHOT

and

Rocklin, as he comes out of the shadow of the alleyway stands blinking in the full sunlight. Sensing something unusual, he looks quickly around.

PANNING SHOT

the
Clews
the

from Rocklin's ANGLE. CAMERA PANS OVER the groups in street, STOPPING ON one which includes Bob Clews. As sees Rocklin, he nudges a bystander and looks toward stagecoach office with a grin.

CAMERA PANS to include Arly and Juan.

TRUCKING SHOT ON

he
him.
Arly
sidewalk and

Rocklin as he takes in the situation. With a grim look,
begins to move along the sidewalk, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH
Suddenly, there is the clatter of a horse's hooves and
gallops into shot, forcing the mare up onto the
barring Rocklin's progress.

ARLY

(imperiously)
Is your name Rocklin?

ROCKLIN

(coldly)
Yes.

ARLY

(contemptuously)
I want that money you took from my
brother last night.

ROCKLIN

(quietly)
Are you crazy? Or just ignorant?

ARLY

(flaming)
You took it at the point of a gun --
(suddenly whipping a
revolver from her
saddle holster)
-- and I'm taking it back the same
way!

FLASH SHOT

of group at window of Sun-Up Saloon.

FLASH SHOT

in and

of group including Bob Clews, as Clint Harolday rides
stares o.s.

TRUCKING SHOT

back
head up

Rocklin, as he looks coldly from Arly to the run and
again. Calmly taking the reins, he forces the mare's

CAMERA

and moves on. Furiously, Arly spurs the mare alongside,
TRUCKING WITH them.

ARLY

(furiously)

Stop! You! stop, or I'll kill you!

CLOSE MOVING SHOT

Arly and Rocklin. Rocklin continues along the sidewalk.

ARLY

(pulls up her horse)

Turn around.

CLOSE SHOT

Arly. She raises her gun.

ROCKLIN CONTINUES WALKING

to
comes
A shot comes from o.s. and strikes the building close
him. He stiffens but keeps on walking. Another shot
even closer this time. He keeps walking.

ON ARLY - SHE IS FURIOUS

ROCKLIN HAS REACHED THE SWINGING DOORS OF THE SUN-UP

As he puts out his hand to push open the door,

CLOSE SHOT

succession
Rocklin's hand on the door as four shots in quick
spatter a line down the door close to his hand.

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

movement
him
from
TRUCKING SHOT -- Rocklin, as he continues his forward
through the swing-doors. CAMERA PULLS BACK in front of
into the saloon until it reaches the bar. Cap moves
window with crowd and goes behind bar.

ROCKLIN

Whiskey!

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

hand.
wheels
Cling

CLOSE SHOT -- Arley with the smoking gun still in her
She stares wildly after Rocklin for a second, then
her horse violently toward the group which includes
Harolday and Bob Clews.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

of
group surrounding Clews and Clint Harolday. The clatter
hoofs is heard and Arly gallops furiously into shot.

CLINT

What happened?

ARLY

You lied to me, didn't you?

CLINT

I...

ARLY

Don't think I'll forget this. Making
a fool of me in front of the whole
town.

out
Before Clint can reply, she wheels the mare and gallops
of shot.

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

around
MED. SHOT -- as the customers, with Dave in f.g., mill
Rocklin.

DAVE

Boy, oh boy, was that a near thing!
She'd just as soon have hit you as
missed. You don't know how lucky you
were, son.

ROCKLIN

Don't I?
(indicating whiskey
with a sickly grin)
Why d'you think I need this?

another. At

He sinks the whiskey and begins to pour himself

Clews

the same time, the swing-doors open and Bob Clews comes through. AS Rocklin raises the glass to his lips, Bob hits him on the back, causing him to spill the whisky.

BOB CLEWS

Funniest sight I ever seen.

of
his

There is a moment's pause. Then with a slow, grim smile of satisfaction, Rocklin turns and knocks Bob Clews off his feet.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

comes
Clews'
kicking
sits up,

with Bob Clews on the floor, tugging at his gun. As it free of the holster, Rocklin brings his heel down on wrist, grinding on it with his whole weights. Then, the gun out of reach, Rocklin steps back. Bob Clews clutching his wrist and weaving back and forth.

BOB CLEWS

(moaning)

You broke it! You broke it!

ROCKLIN

Try another trick like that on me and it'll be worse.

BOB CLEWS

I never played you no trick. You broke my wrist.

WIDER ANGLE

without
collapsing

to include the bystanders. They look at Bob Clews sympathy. He gets to his feet and stumbles back, in a chair.

CLOSE SHOT

refilling at bar, Dave has taken the bottle from Cap and is Rocklin's and his own glass ecstatically.

DAVE

(gurgling with delight)
Oh boy -- has somebody come to town!

them He sinks both drinks quickly and is about to refill when Cap takes the bottle from him.

ROCKLIN

(to Cap)
Where'll I find Judge Garvey?

CAP

He rooms behind his office down the street. Don't usually pull up the blinds till around noon, though.

ROCKLIN

(putting down money)
He will this morning.
(to Dave)
See you later, old-timer...

As he moves toward the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

toward Clint Harolday is seen at the window peering furtively which the Sun-Up Saloon. He suddenly notices something o.s. hear. prompts him to say something which we of course cannot Now Garvey appears at the window.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

and Rocklin, FROM Garvey's ANGLE as he leaves the Sun-Up starts toward the Judge's office.

EXT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

it Garvey and Clint, at the window. From their expressions

them, and

is apparent that anxious words are passing between
now Clint suddenly drops from sight.

ROCKLIN APPROACHES - LOOKS THE PLACE OVER - AND ENTERS

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

ON Arly and Juan, mounted. They see Rocklin going into
Garvey's place.

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

The

MED. SHOT -- TOWARD door, with Garvey at desk in f.g.
door opens and Rocklin enters.

GARVEY

(effusively)

Oh, come in, Mr. Rocklin. Come right
in.

to

Rocklin looks him over for a second, then comes quietly
the desk.

ROCKLIN

I understand you were Red Caldwell's
lawyer?

GARVEY

(immediately on guard)

I was.

ROCKLIN

Know anything about this?

latter

He takes out a letter and hands it to Garvey. The
takes it slowly, handling it as if it were dangerous.

He

looks from the letter to Rocklin and back again. Then
reluctantly, he opens it and begins to read.

LETTER -- It reads:

Dear Mr. Rocklin:

Enclosed

Glad you have made up your mind to take the job.
find train fare and \$150 advance on wages.

Yours faithfully,

J. Caldwell

MED. SHOT

Rocklin and Garvey. The latter looks up from the letter completely bewildered.

GARVEY

I don't understand. Job? What job?

ROCKLIN

Foreman.

GARVEY

(gaping)

On the "K.C."?

(trying to take it in)

But -- but why should he want you?

ROCKLIN

Why not? Good foremen don't grow on bushes.

There is a little pause, with Garvey still bewildered.

GARVEY

(thinking hard)

Is that your only motive for coming here?

ROCKLIN

What other motive could I have?

GARVEY

I don't know -- It's just that Red Caldwell was a peculiar man -- had a funny way of doing things.

He studies Rocklin a short moment, then sits back comfortably and relieved.

GARVEY

Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Rocklin, that you've been brought all this way on a fool's errand, but -- I'm afraid the deal's off.

ROCKLIN

Off?

GARVEY

I don't want to be too hard on you,
but as executor of the estate I have
to consider the interests of the new
owner. How about, say, a hundred in
full settlement?

ROCKLIN

(thoughtfully)

Well --

on his

There is a knock on the door. Garvey rises and speaks
way to the door.

GARVEY

That's my last word -- think it over.

followed by

Garvey opens the door, and Miss Martin stalks in
Clare.

GARVEY

(graciously)

How do you do, ladies --

MISS MARTIN

(icily)

You are Judge Garvey, I presume.

GARVEY

(nods)

Yes -- and you are --

MISS MARTIN

Miss Martin -- and my niece, Clara
Caldwell.

GARVEY

(reaching for a chair)

Of course -- of course --

Miss Martin sits stiffly as she eyes Rocklin coldly.

GARVEY

You came at a very opportune moment,
madam. This gentleman claims to have
some sort of a letter from the late
Mr. Caldwell, engaging him as foreman
of the "K.C."

MISS MARTIN

What!

ROCKLIN

(to Garvey)

What do you mean -- claims to have? --
You saw it, didn't you?

MISS MARTIN

(before Garvey can
answer)

You can't hold us to account for
every promise made by that man.
Everyone knows he wasn't responsible
for his actions half the time. And
if you think I'd have you as a foreman --

ROCKLIN

(finds it hard to
control himself)

Listen, lady -- I'd rather walk for
somebody else, than ride for you.

MISS MARTIN

(taken aback)

Well -- the impudence --

ROCKLIN

All I come for this morning was to
pay beck the hundred and fifty Red
Caldwell sent in advance.

CLARA

Oh, no

They all turn and stare at her.

MISS MARTIN

Don't interfere, Clara. Of course he
must pay it back.

ROCKLIN

The railway fare -- well, I reckon
we can check that up against the
time lost and call it quits.

(throws down a roll
of bills in front of
Garvey)

CLARA

(summoning up her
courage)

But, Mr. -- er -- I don't know your name...

ROCKLIN

(raising his hat)
Rocklin, miss.

CLARA

Mr. Rocklin, it isn't fair for you to pay anything back.

ROCKLIN

That's how I'd prefer it, If you don't mind, miss -- never did care fer owing favors to no one -- especially women.

CLARA

(as if she had been struck)
Oh!

heard The sound of rapid steps approaching from outside is
and they all look toward the door.

MED. SHOT

in the on door, as it opens to admit Arly. Ignoring everyone
with the room except Garvey, she comes abruptly to the desk,
riding quirt dangling from her wrist.

ARLY

I've just heard they let George Clews out of penitentiary and that he's headed this way. You might tell him from me, if he sets foot on the Santee Ranch, I'll shoot him on sight.

GARVEY

But really, Miss Arly, why should you deliver your message through me?

ARLY

You have mutual friends.

GARVEY

If you're referring to Sheriff Jackson...

ARLY

I am.

GARVEY

But that's absurd. The fact that he employs one of the Clews brothers doesn't make the other his friend.

ARLY

(contemptuously)

Have it your own way; but it'd be fair to warn him, because I mean it.

For the first time, she appears to be conscious of the presence of the other women.

GARVEY

(hastening to change the conversation)

Oh, Miss Caldwell, this is Miss Harolday -- Miss Martin, Miss Caldwell's aunt. You should know one another, seeing you'll be neighbors. Miss Harolday runs the Santee Ranch for her stepfather. She's a famous -- ah -- horsewoman in these parts.

CLARA

(with ingenuous enthusiasm)

I know. I saw you ride into town this morning. You looked lovely. Just what I'd like to be.

Arly stares at her unbelievably for a second.

ARLY

(slowly, a bit flustered)

Yes?

She looks slowly from Clara to Rocklin, as if
suspecting collusion.

CLARA

(completely innocent)

Oh, this is Mr. Rocklin. He drove us in from Garden City last night. He...

ROCKLIN

(dead pan)

I already met Miss Harolday.

CLARA

Oh.

ARLY

(stonily, to Rocklin)
I've a message for you -- from
Harolday.

ROCKLIN

(murmuring)
What, again?

ARLY

He wants you to come down to the
office.

ROCKLIN

What for?

ARLY

He's got a proposition to make --
about riding for him. Sixty a month.

ROCKLIN

Hmmm -- That's a foreman's wages.

ARLY

(suddenly exploding)
I wouldn't offer you a red cent.
(controlling herself)
But it's his money.
(bitingly)
And the way things are shaping, maybe
we could do with somebody as mean as
you around the ranch.

MISS MARTIN

(pushing her way
forward)
I warn you, you're making a great
mistake. This man is no good.

CLARA

Auntie!

ARLY

(to Rocklin ignoring
Miss Martin)
Well? D'you want the job?

CLOSE SHOT

expression.
Rocklin, as he stares at Arly with an enigmatic

Suddenly, he seems to make up his mind.

ROCKLIN

(indicating the door)
Lead the way.

MED. SHOT

she
his
him.
as Arly turns abruptly on her heel and exits the way
came. Rocklin makes a little gesture to the ladies with
hat and follows. As he goes, Juan, who has been leaning
against the doorpost, follows, closing the door behind

CLARA

(after they have gone)
Auntie, why did you have to say that?
I simply don't understand you...

MISS MARTIN

(cutting in, grimly)
But I understand you.
(scathingly)
I'd be ashamed of myself. Throwing
myself at a man like that.

CLARA

I... I...
(suddenly bursting
into tears)
Oh, you're horrid -- horrid. I wish
I'd never come.

She turns abruptly and drops onto the couch by the
window.

CAMERA PANS TO HOLD A CLOSE TWO SHOT of Garvey and Miss
Martin.

MISS MARTIN

You must excuse her. She's young.

GARVEY

And inexperienced.

Garvey leans back in his chair and smiles.

MISS MARTIN

(significantly)
And young people must be protected
from themselves at times -- don't
you agree?

Miss Martin throws him a quick look, which he returns
steadily.

GARVEY

(at last, with a grim
echo of a smile)
Exactly.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

Arly and Rocklin walking along the street, not far from
Harolday's office. Rocklin glances back toward Julio,
who is following a few paces behind them. He rides his horse
and is leading Arly's.

ROCKLIN

(to Arly, indicating
Julio)
Does he always follow you?

ARLY

(defiantly)
He's not following me -- he's with
me -- he's always with me.

ROCKLIN

(takes it mildly)
Oh -- just an old Indian friend.

ARLY

(straight at him)
The best friend I've got.

Arly Rocklin nods, looks back again at Julio, then back to
as they go out of shot.

INT. SANTA INEZ STAGECOACH OFFICE - DAY

followed PAINING SHOT -- as Arly comes to from the street,
by Julio and Rocklin.

ARLY

(abruptly to Rocklin)
Wait here.

she
CAMERA PANS her over to a door marked "PRIVATE," which
opens without knocking.

INT. HAROLDAY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

toward
abrupt
MED. SHOT as Arly comes through from the outer office
Harolday, who is seated at desk in f.g. At Arly's
entrance, he looks up, startled.

ARLY

I've just hired a man named Rocklin
and said you made me do it. Sixty
dollars and he 'll earn it -- while
he lasts.

dead
at
There is a little pause. Harolday's face is completely
pan. He looks out of the window for a second, then back
Arly.

HAROLDAY

(quietly)
Why did you do it, Arly?

ARLY

So I can fire him. I hate him. Clint
and he quarrelled last night. Clint
lied about it and I made a fool of
myself.

(nodding toward the
outer office)
He's outside now.

HAROLDAY

(with a little sigh)
All right. Send him in.

Arly goes to the door and opens it.

ARLY

(calling)
Come in.

the

Rocklin comes in and Arly exits without a word, closing door behind her.

REVERSE SHOT

facing

as Rocklin comes from the doorway into f.g. of shot, Harolday, who is seated on the far side of the desk.

HAROLDAY

Mr. Rocklin, what happened between you and my son last night?

ROCKLIN

Poker.

HAROLDAY

Hmmm. About this suggestion of you working for me.

ROCKLIN

It's your suggestion, not mine.

HAROLDAY

Ye-es. Sixty dollars is big money.

ROCKLIN

(turning to go)
If you've changed your mind...

HAROLDAY

No, no.... Wait a minute. I take it you've had the experience.

ROCKLIN

Enough for Red Caldwell to hire me as foreman.

HAROLDAY

Oh -- had Caldwell hired you?

ROCKLIN

Yeah -- but I won't ride for the new owners -- so that leaves me open.

HAROLDAY

I see -- Were you a friend of Red's?

ROCKLIN

No -- I guess he just heard about me.

toward A sudden clatter of feet is heard and all eyes turn
the door.

MED. SHOT

go as Dave, followed by Arly and Juan, bursts in. His eyes
around the room quickly until he finds Rocklin.

DAVE

(as excited as a
schoolboy)

George Clews is in town. He's seen
what you done to Bob and he's a-
lookin' for you.

They all look quickly toward the window.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

of LONG SHOT -- from stagecoach office window. The center
doorways. the street is clear and men's heads are peering from

INT. HAROLDAY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

MED. SHOT -- group at window, looking into street.

HAROLDAY

The street is clear.

Dave turns and looks curiously at Rocklin, who frowns
impatiently.

ROCKLIN

(to Dave irritably)

Tell him I'll be out in the street
in front of the saloon.

DAVE

(dashing out, radiant)

Uh-huh!

INT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

patrons. A The place is quite full and the atmosphere is one of
expectancy despite the outward casualness of the

office.
swinging
various
presence of
bar's
of
drink,

group lolls near the window, looking toward the stage
At the door a couple of customers peer out over the
doors. The bar supports other customers engaged in
private conversations but all are mindful of the
George Clews who, with his brother, Bob, stands at the
center, morosely toying with a glass of whisky in front
him. He is quite conscious of the subtle glances of the
others, but regards them all with disdain. He downs his
and speaks his thought to Bob.

GEORGE CLEWS

I'm gonna get his ears.

excitement, and
halts with the swinging doors half open.

DAVE

(loudly)

Hi you, George Clews --

George Clews turns.

DAVE

Rocklin says if you don't come out,
he'll come in here after you, an'
tear you apart.

size
Davis,
to
from
George Clews frowns. His eye catches sight of a king-
glass of beer being slid across the bar to Shorty
standing alongside him. That quick, Clews beats Shorty
the glass and hurls it at Dave, who ducks out. Cap,
anticipating trouble, brings a sawed-off shotgun up
under the bar and now watches Clews and Shorty.

SHORTY

(taps Clews)

That was my beer, you know.

GEORGE CLEWS

(nastily)

If he comes in again -- I'll throw you.

the
that
but
shotgun

Before Shorty can reply, Clews yanks his hat down over little fellow's eyes, and gives him a backward shove sends him sprawling into a corner where we leave him struggling to get his hat off. The crowd resents this, doesn't dare do anything, except Cap, who holds his in sight.

CAP

(to the Clews)
That does it, boys -- you know where the door is.

GEORGE CLEWS

(to Bob)
Com-mon -- I'll get his ears.

CAP

Not until I get my money --

They
shotgun.

George and Bob Clews are now a few steps from the bar. have turned as Cap spoke and are looking at the

CAP

There's three drinks and a broken beer glass.

GEORGE CLEWS

(to Bob, after a second's deliberation)
Pay 'im.

to

George turns and starts for the doors as Bob comes back the bar to settle up.

GEORGE CLEWS

I'll get his ears.

CLEWS

ON PAP FOSSLER AND THE OTHERS AT WINDOW - AS GEORGE BURSTS OUT THROUGH THE DOORS

PAP

(quietly)
That Rocklin'll kill him for sure.

CUSTOMER

Le's hope.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

basking
leaving
As George Clews steps outside, a mangy mongrel dog,
close by, evidently recognizes him and tails it away,
George blinking at him.

LONG SHOT

forward
Rocklin -- FROM George's ANGLE. He is walking slowly
down the middle of the street.

MED. SHOT

George, looking baffled by the steady approach.

GEORGE CLEWS

(yelling)
I'm coming -- and you'd better run!

then
He steps down from the sidewalk into the street and
stands still again.

CLOSE SHOT

and
Rocklin -- CAMERA MOVING WITH him as he comes slowly
steadily forward.

CLOSE SHOT

has
George. His hands are on his guns, but drunk or not, he
too much sense to draw too soon.

EXT. STAGECOACH OFFICE - DAY

of his
makes
restrains
MED. SHOT -- Harolday watching from behind the window
office. Behind Harolday are Julio and Arly. The latter
a step as if about to move to the door, but Julio

her.

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

watch
Clara
MED. CLOSE SHOT -- as Garvey, Miss Martin and Clara
the scene below -- Garvey and Miss Martin excitedly and
in great distress.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

excitement.
CLOSER SHOT -- men in hotel doorway, taut with

FULL SHOT

gun
continues
Rocklin -- SHOOTING PAST George, whose hands are on his
butts. Rocklin's thumbs are hooked in his belt as he
slowly forward, his eyes fixed on George's.

ROCKLIN

(quietly)

Draw a gun and I'll kill you.

MED. SHOT

Rocklin
strikes
pole-
George, as he stands bewildered and open-mouthed.
enters scene, suddenly whips out his gun and brings it
crashing down alongside George's head. The barrel
though the crown of his hat and he goes down like a
axed steer.

INT. HAROLDAY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

involuntary
then
Harolday
MED. CLOSE SHOT -- group at window. Arly gives an
exclamation of pleasure, which she instantly checks,
she moves abruptly out of shot, followed by Juan.
continues to stare frowningly out of the window.

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

obviously
MED. CLOSE SHOT -- group at window, with Garvey

obvious disappointed, Miss Martin bridling and Clara showing relief.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

the MED. SHOT -- Rocklin and crowd as they swirl around him offering congratulations. Dave pushes his way through enthusiasm. At crowd and thumps Rocklin on the back in wild and the same time, the sound of a horse cantering is heard, Jackson comes into shot.

JACKSON

(to Rocklin)
Hey, you! What's this you been up to?

ROCKLIN

I just laid a gun barrel over the head of a drunk friend of yours -- same as you did over Dave's here yesterday.

DAVE

(surprised)
Eh?

JACKSON

(blustering)
I don't know what you're talking about.

ROCKLIN

(calmly)
You're a liar!

the He turns contemptuously and begins to move back towards alongside stage office completely ignoring Jackson, who rides blusteringly.

JACKSON

Now you lookee here, young feller. You go on talking that way and you'll find yourself in trouble.

him The crowd which has been following now begins to razz

gives a
openly. He turns and glares, but without effect. He
final shout to Rocklin.

JACKSON

Don't say you ain't been warned.

street.
Pulling his horse around, he sets off in a lope up the

MED. SHOT

followed
outside the
move
as Miss Martin comes along the street, determinedly,
by Clara, until she is face to face with Rocklin
stage office where Arly and Juan are mounted ready to
off.

MISS MARTIN

(ignoring everyone
but Rocklin)

I saw you. I saw you strike that
poor man.

ROCKLIN

Yes, ma'am. As hard as I could.

MISS MARTIN

You ruffian, you!

Clara pulls her sleeve imploringly.

MISS MARTIN

Let me go!

(to Rocklin)

I knew the sort you were the moment
I set eyes on you. You can't fool
me! You're nothing but a common
adventurer! Come, Clara!

the
and
returns
smile,
by
She takes Clara by the arm and sweeps past them towards
hotel. Rocklin looks after them with a grim expression
then up at Arly, who has been listening intently. She
his look steadily for a second. Then, with a mocking
she wheels the mare and canters out of shot, followed

same
Juan. He looks after her for a second; then with the
grim look, enters Harolday's office.

INT. HAROLDAY'S OFFICE - DAY

door,
Rocklin
hardly
Harolday is standing at the window, looking toward the
having seen Rocklin approaching. The door opens and
enters and resumes his conversation as though it were
interrupted.

ROCKLIN

-- Now what was that you were sayin'
about Caldwell?

HAROLDAY

You being hired by Red Caldwell only
confirms what I'd suspected -- he
was getting ready to fight.

ROCKLIN

(trying to get
information)
Fight? Who?

HAROLDAY

Organized rustling. Well at least --
that's my belief. Red was no friend
of mine. Too fond of taking the law
into his own hands. But he had my
sympathy. He'd been harder hit than
any of us. And on top of it all, he
lost his foreman.

ROCKLIN

You mean, he quit on him?

HAROLDAY

He was shot -- in the back -- with a
bullet from the same caliber rifle
as got Red.

ROCKLIN

Got any ideas?

HAROLDAY

No -- Except that the man you just
pistol-whipped is in on it somewhere.
(bitterly)

Pity you didn't kill him when you
had the chance.

a

Rocklin realizes that maybe Harolday is trying to throw
curve -- trying to get him to talk.

ROCKLIN

Say -- it don't sound as if it's
goin' to be too easy for them wimmen
at the K.C.

HAROLDAY

(watching him keenly)
Want to go back and work for them?

ROCKLIN

No, sir. And I ain't jumping at this
offer o' yours either because I don't
hold with working for wimmen.

HAROLDAY

(quickly)
Oh, you mean my step-daughter. Well
don't worry. She won't interfere
with you...Rocklin -- I figure we've
been losin' cattle over a place called
Table Top -- it's the back way into
the Topaz Ranch and the perfect route
for rustlers -- I'm going to send
you up to the line camp -- you don't
mind working a lone hand -- do you?

ROCKLIN

(measuring)
-- I like workin' that way.

HAROLDAY

(rising and holding
out a hand)
Good -- be ready to move out this
afternoon.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

front of
the
On Dave and Pap Fossler engaged in conversation in
Pap's store. In the b.g. -- across the street, we carry

entrance to the Sun-Up Saloon.

DAVE

(in his best sales
talk)

-- now Pap -- I'm givin' you first
call on me services. They's lots of
other folks lookin' fer a good man,
too -- you know. So if you want me,
you better hurry and speak up because --

During Dave's speech Rocklin has come from the Sun-up
carrying
his valise. He pauses a moment, looking around. Dave
sees
him.

DAVE

'scuse me, Pap -- Be right back to
find out when I start.

He hurries across the street toward Rocklin.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

On Rocklin just stepping off the curb. Dave comes in to
him.

DAVE

Whar you off to?

ROCKLIN

I'm ridin' for the Topaz Ranch.

They start across the street, slowly toward the stage
office.

DAVE

What! -- Have you gone plumb loco?

ROCKLIN

Good money -- sixty a month

DAVE

There ain't enough money in this
town to make it worth your while to
work for that gal.

Rocklin gives Dave a quizzical look, which Dave
mistakes for
weakening.

DAVE

When she gits goin' she can be
meaner'n a skillet full o' snakes.
She ain't goin' to forget the way
you made a fool of her today -- in
front of the whole town.

PAP FOSSLER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Dave.

DAVE

Be right with you.
(to Rocklin)
It's pizen that's what it is -- jus'
plain --- What you want to hang around
this town for anyways? --

Dave and Rocklin have reached middle of the street. Pap
Fossler's voice comes again from o.s.

PAP FOSSLER'S VOICE

Hey, Dave.

out
CAMERA
where
waiting
Rocklin's

Dave reacts with a squint in Pap's direction. He runs
toward Pap, but would rather stay with Rocklin. THE
FOLLOWS Rocklin ACROSS the street To the stage office,
see Arly and Tala sitting on their horses apparently
for Rocklin. A third horse is standing by with
saddle on it.

pauses

Rocklin, upon reaching the front of the stage office,
a moment, to look over the horse carrying his saddle --
glances up to Arly.

ROCKLIN

Be right with you.

He goes into the stage of office, as we

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. FORKED ROAD - DAY

dirt LONG SHOT -- as Rocklin, Arly and Juan canter along a road over open country with the mountain ranges in the distance.

approaching a CAMERA PANS to show a buggy on the road ahead, wooded dell where the road divides.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

beside of the buggy, showing Miss Martin riding in front, to the Shorty Davis, who is driving, and Clara with her back sound driver, facing the oncoming trio. Miss Martin hears the of the approaching horses, and looks over her shoulder.

MED. SHOT

latter Arly, Juan and Rocklin, with Miss Martin in F.g. The draw scowls and looks quickly to her front as the riders alongside level with the buggy, Rocklin coining to the right, Clara.

CLARA

Good afternoon, Mr. Rocklin.
(looking at the sky)
Lovely day, isn't it?

ROCKLIN

Reckon it is pretty nice. So you're moving in on the "K.C." eh?

CLARA

(hesitating and
throwing a look toward
Miss Martin)
We-el, not exactly moving in. You see...

MED. SHOT

to with Miss Martin in f.g. and SHOOTING OVER her shoulder include Clara and Rocklin.

MISS MARTIN

(acidly, locking
straight ahead)
Do you have to discuss our private
affairs with every rag-tag-and-bobtail
cow-person we meet, Clara?

CLARA

(in a low voice)
Auntie!

ROCKLIN

Sorry if I butted in, ma'am. Jest
passing the time o'day.

MISS MARTIN

We can do very well without it --
thank you.
(with a look over her
shoulder)
And you're keeping your lady friend
waiting.

Rocklin looks quickly in the same direction.

MED. SHOT

the
taken
from Rocklin's ANGLE, with Arly and Juan at the fork in
road. They are looking back towards the buggy which has
the lower road to the right of the copse.

REVERSE SHOT

distance.
canters
with Arly and Juan in f.g. and the buggy in the
Rocklin raises his hat to the women in the buggy and
back to Arly, who has been watching with a peculiar
expression.

ARLY

(coldly)
I thought maybe you'd changed your
mind again.

ROCKLIN

(cheerfully)
Nope.

say
She looks at him angrily for a second as if about to

wheels
Rocklin
with
a
rein,
Rocklin

something sarcastic. Then, repressing herself, she
her horse and canters off along the side of the copse.
throws an amused glance, at Juan, who has been watching
an enigmatic expression. He returns Rocklin's look with
stern, menacing frown. Then, with a gentle flick of the
he urges his horse after Arly. Completely baffled,
scratches his head for a second, then follows.

DISSOLVE

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SANTEE RANCH - LATE AFTERNOON

smart-
reins to

MED. SHOT -- as the three canter up the driveway to a
looking ranch house. Arly dismounts and throws her
Juan.

ARLY

(over her shoulder to
Rocklin)

Juan'll show you the bunkhouse. I'll
talk to you about your duties in the
morning.

of
Arly's
house

Before Rocklin can speak, she runs quickly up the steps
the verandah and disappears into the house. Leading
Horse, Juan moves out of shot to the left of the ranch
and Rocklin follows.

EXT. CORRAL - SANTEE RANCH - LATE AFTERNOON

off-

MED. SHOT -- as Juan comes into shot leading the mare,
followed by Rocklin. They both dismount and begin to
saddle.

ROCKLIN

How far is the line-camp at Table-
Top?

JUAN

Twenty-five -- thirty mile.

ROCKLIN

I'm moving out there first thing in the morning.

(as Juan turns and stares)

Boss' orders. Care to show me the way?

a There is a moment's pause. Then, what almost amounts to smile of relief, crosses Juan's face.

JUAN

I will show you.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SANTEE RANCH - DAY

ranch LONG SHOT -- as Rocklin and Juan ride out from the direction through the early morning mist and turn off in the of the distant line of mountains.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ENTRANCE TO CANYON - DAY

enter the mountain LONG SHOT -- as the two leave the open country and mouth of a steep and narrow gorge at the foot of the range.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

as Juan pulls up and dismounts, followed by Rocklin.

JUAN

(pointing ahead)

The trail is straight ahead. You will find the cabin at the top.

(turning back to his horse)

Adios, Senor.

ROCKLIN

(challenging, but
perfectly friendly)
Senor Romero, it appears that you
do not like me.

he
mind on
pouch,
steer's

For a second Juan does not reply. Then, as he speaks,
takes a tobacco pouch from his pocket. Rocklin, his
other things, does not take particular notice of the
but we cannot help notice the pouch ornament -- a
head of hammered silver.

JUAN
(during the above
business)
Senor, that is true. I do not like
you.

ROCKLIN
Why?

JUAN
(extending the pouch)
Permit that I offer you a cigarette.

in a

Rocklin shakes his head. Juan, having spilled tobacco
paper, now puts away the pouch and rolls his own.

JUAN
It is not your fault that your shadow
is black. But you will only bring
unhappiness to my senorita. I do not
blame you, but I fear I must hate
you.

looks

He turns abruptly and mounts the waiting horse; then
down from the saddle.

JUAN
Adios, Senor.

He rides quickly out of the shot.

DISSOLVE

EXT. TABLE-TOP - DAY

few
pulls
MED. SHOT -- as Rocklin forces his horse up the last
feet of the steep trail at the top of the canyon, and
up at the top of the rise with a look of amazement.

FULL SHOT - FROM ROCKLIN'S ANGLE

through
surround
Rocklin
cabin,
A rich meadow stretches ahead with a stream running
it, and a cabin at the far end. Steep escarpments
the lush meadow land, making an idyllic scene. As
comes slowly into shot with the same look of startled
appreciation on his face and begins to move toward the

DISSOLVE

EXT. APPROACH TO SANTEE RANCH - DAY

toward
LONG SHOT -- of Juan, as he canters across open country
the ranch.

which
horses.
CAMERA PANS to include the road from Santa Inez along
approaches a smallish freight wagon, pulled by two

As the driver sees Juan and waves his whip, the Mexican
swerves from his course and canters toward the wagon.

MED. SHOT

side
--
up
wagon, which we now see is being driven by Dave. On the
of the wagon is written: TRANSPORT & GENERAL FREIGHTAGE
Pap Fossler and Sons. Juan canters into shot and pulls
alongside the wagon.

DAVE

Hiya there.

JUAN

Buenos dias, Senor Dave.
(looking at name on
wagon)

You have found new employer, eh?

DAVE

Yeah. Haulin' freight for ole Pap Fossler. Got a letter here for that crazy galoot, Rocklin.

(with a little Wink)

From the little Caldwell girl. Seems mighty took up about sumpin'. Made me promise to deliver it personal.

(indicates letter)

JUAN

But Senor Rocklin is not here.

DAVE

Lordy -- he ain't quit already...

JUAN

(shakes head)

I have just accompany him to Table-Top.

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. TOPAZ RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Clint
porch
with
over

Shelley, a Negro servant of the Harolday household, is discovered sweeping the front porch. Behind him we see open the door -- peer furtively out -- then cross the to its edge when he looks o.s. as though searching for someone.

Shelley, meantime, has noticed Clint, but goes right on his sweeping. His only reaction is a disparaging glance his shoulder.

CLINT

(turning to Shelley)

Have you seen Arly?

SHELLEY

No, suh, Ah didn't see Miss Arly today, but Ah seed her las' night, and she shore was mad.

To emphasize his point, Shelley puckers his mouth in a whistle.

SHELLEY

Plenty mad!

store for
sound of
tune
can-that-
middle

Clint's face tightens as he anticipates what is in him. Over the scene comes the gradually increasing a feminine voice, gayly humming the notes of a popular of the period. Clint's strained features relax in a be-Arly expression, while Shelley stops dead in the of a sweep, and now both stare incredulously, o.s.

ANGLE

house,
side.
and
feminine
is
now,
suddenly
fall

From their ANGLE we first see only the corner of the while the owner of the voice approaches from the other side. Now Arly comes into view, entirely oblivious of Clint and Shelley watching her. She seems more attractive, in a way, this morning. It may be the skirt and blouse she wearing. Then again it may be the flower she is, even adjusting in her hair. The presence of the two men startles her. The song ends abruptly, while her hands quickly away from the flower.

ARLY

life
the

As Arly moves toward the porch, Shelley snaps back to and resumes sweeping -- but furiously. Clint regards girl in the vague manner of the puzzled gent he is.

CLINT

(not too definitely)
'Mornin', Arly --

Arly is coming toward Clint.

ARLY

(pleasantly)

'Mornin', Clint.

step, for
her
She steps close to Clint, and he slowly backs up a
he does not know she came up to him merely to pick up
jacket lying on the ground near the step.

CLINT

(as Arly leans down
to pick up the jacket)
You must be feeling pretty good.

the
now
when
Arly straightens up with the jacket in her hand, and
corner of her mouth curls in a faint smile. She turns
and starts along the walk, and takes only a few steps
Clint comes to her side.

ARLY AND CLINT WALKING

CLINT

(as he joins Arly)
Say, Arly -- about that poker game,
night before last, I ---

ARLY

(tossing it off)
Forget it.

CLINT

(did he hear correctly)
Forget it?

and
Arly pays no attention to Clint. She is looking o.s.
stops walking.

EXT. GROUNDS NEAR TOPAZ RANCH HOUSE - DAY

comes
Tala, on his horse, as seen by Arly. Over the scene
Arly's voice calling from a distance.

ARLY

(calling)
Tala.

slightly
Tala reacts to the call by heading his horse at a

different angle.

ARLY AND CLINT

his
and
Arly is looking o.s. toward Tala. Clint is now eyeing
sister up and down quite openly. She turns her head now
catches Clint looking her over.

ARLY

(after a stilted pause)
Well --

CLINT

(with a perplexed
smile)
What is this? --

in
A gesture of his hand indicates the way Arly has gotten
herself up. That quick, Arly's hand goes to the flower
her hair. And, that quick, she guiltily withdraws it.

ARLY

(bravely nonchalant)
What do you mean?

CLINT

What do I mean? --

we
Before he can explain, Tala pulls up in his horse and
hear his voice over the scene.

TALA'S VOICE

Good morning, Arliete.

ARLY, TALA AND CLINT

Tala sitting astride his horse smiles down at the girl.

ARLY

Good morning, Tala.

TALA

You have make yourself very pretty
today.

help
Arly is jolted by Tala's innocent remark, and she can't

reaction.
and

giving Clint a little side glance in the way of
Clint has not missed Tala's crack nor Arly's glance,
when she gives it to him he says:

CLINT

(pleasantly)
See what I mean?

leaves,

He tosses her an altogether knowing look now, and
going up the walk toward the house. Arly turns to Tala.

ARLY

Have my horse saddled and sent around
right away -- will you?
(then as a casual
afterthought)
You can have that Rocklin bring it.

walk.
but

She glances over her shoulder toward Clint going up the
And then, looking back to Tala, finds he hasn't moved,
remains smiling down at her.

ARLY

What's the matter?

TALA

(easily)
Rocklin is not here.

ARLY

(breathlessly)
He quit?

TALA

He has gone to the line camp at Table
Top.

ARLY

What?

TALA

It was Mr. Harolday's orders.

she
disappointment.
Arly looks away. Her eyes stare blankly into space as
struggles with the mixed emotions of anger and

to the
Tala, aware of her plight, slowly dismounts and comes
girl's side.

TALA

(in a fatherly manner)
Why do you make your heart heavy
with thoughts of him, little one. --
He is not for you.

ARLY

(bitterly)
Be quiet.

TALA

He has made the choice, Arliete.
With your own eyes you saw it
yesterday.

ARLY

(impatiently)
Oh --

TALA

And she, too, has opened her heart
to him -- Already she has summoned
him to her.

ARLY

(this turns her around)
What do you mean?

TALA

Dave -- of the white beard -- carries
a letter to Rocklin -- It is from
her.

ARLY

How do you know that?

TALA

I have just now met Dave, and he
tell me. -- So now he rides to Table
Top.

Arly is quiet a moment.

TALA

Little one you --

ARLY

(quickly, as she starts

for the house)
Oh, leave me alone.

LONG SHOT

direction
distinguished
entrance to ranch. Entering the driveway from the
of Santa Inez, comes Harolday, still looking the
citizen.

HAROLDAY RIDES UP TO THE PORCH - CLOSE TO ARLY AND

JULIO

HAROLDAY

Good morning, Julio -- morning Arly.
(to Julio as he
dismounts)
Fetch my briefcase -- it's on my
desk.

Julio exits.

HAROLDAY TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO ARLY WHO

seems
speaks.
still smarting under the disappointment about Rocklin,
lost in thought. After regarding her a moment Harolday

HAROLDAY

Looks like we're going to get that
land we've been wanting along the
river bottom.

Arly turns her eyes on Harolday, who continues.

HAROLDAY

I didn't tell you -- but I bought
the mortgage on the Hardman ranch,
and it's due today -- On my way over
there now.

Arly's eyes burn as she tosses her head slightly.

ARLY

Did you send that Rocklin to Table-
Top?

HAROLDAY

I did.

ARLY

(furiously)

Well, let's get things straight. This place was my mother's -- now it's mine and Clint's -- It's true you've been helping out -- but the way things are going we'll soon be able to pay you back every penny we owe. Meanwhile, I'm running this outfit and I expect to give the orders.

HAROLDAY

You generally do.

ARLY

Why did you send Rocklin up to Table-Top?

HAROLDAY

It seemed to me a good idea -- what with all this rustling going on --

ARLY

Who'd ever try driving cattle over Table-Top? -- Unless they were crazy.

HAROLDAY

(coldly)

I don't agree with you. In any case -- if you must have it -- I'd no intention of engaging a man at foreman's wages just to gratify the whims of a jealous woman!

ARLY

(dangerously)

You take care what you're saying.

HAROLDAY

(very controlled)

It's you should take care, my dear. I'm afraid there's one man you can't rawhide into jumping the way you want. You've made a fool of yourself over him once. Better watch out you don't do it again.

He turns abruptly and walks off the verandah.

MED. SHOT

is
with

as Harolday comes from the verandah to his horse. Juan
standing there with the briefcase which Harolday takes
a yank, mounts his horse and rides out.

furious

The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on Arly, who stands in
silence watching Harolday ride away.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CANYON ROAD ON THE WAY TO TABLE-TOP - DUSK

thunder
toward

Old Dave is jogging along in his wagon. A rumble of
echoes through the canyon. Dave reacts with a look
the sky.

SHOT

of storm clouds gathering.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD NEAR TABLE-TOP - DUSK

a
of
Dave,
the
downpour. As

A night shot of the mountain road near Table-Top. It is
wooded section of the plateau, and occasional flashes
lightning illuminate the big trees skirting the road.
in his wagon, looms out of the b.g., and as he nears
camera we hear him urging the team through the
he passes and continues hurriedly on his way, we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

table. CLOSE SHOT on a soiled and wrinkled envelope lying on a

It is addressed to:

Mr. Rocklin c/o Santee Ranch

table, The CAMERA PULLS BACK and Rocklin is revealed at the
his looking down at the letter. His hat is tipped back on
in a head, and his sleeves are rolled up. He is mixing dough
hands are bowl sitting on the table near the letter, and his
where all gooey. Dave is discovered in front of the fireplace
outside, his outer shirt and socks are drying. It is dark
the but the storm has abated. Rocklin goes to a shelf near
fireplace to get a pan.

DAVE

(during the above)

Durn funny -- that storm quittin'
just about the time I get here.

ROCKLIN

No funnier than you sloggin' through
it, just to deliver a letter from a
woman.

DAVE

(disgustedly)

Reckon I'm gettin' to be more of a
fool the older I get.

Dave watches Rocklin at the table shaping the dough for
biscuits and putting it in the pan.

DAVE

When are we gonna get around to
readin' it?

includes Rocklin cannot help smiling a bit at the way Dave
himself in.

ROCKLIN

Thought I'd wait till mornin' --
might be bad news an' I wouldn't be
able to sleep.

Dave screws up his face in utter disgust and turns his attention to his drying clothes.

wipes
goes
and
around
along
bench.

Rocklin, meanwhile, takes a flour sack from the table, the dough from his hands and picks up the letter. He over to the fireplace, opening the letter the while, sits on the bench. Dave, seeing this, edges discreetly in back of Rocklin in order to see over his shoulder. The letter open, Rocklin takes out a roll of bills with the folded message. He lays the envelope on the

DAVE

Mmmm -- dineroo.

moment,

Rocklin places the money in his shirt pocket for the and opens the folded message.

LETTER. It begins with the usual Dear Mr. Rocklin.

from

Rocklin's voice is heard over the insert as he reads here.

ROCKLIN'S VOICE

(reading)

Forgive me if this letter is a trifle incoherent, but I am terribly worried and unhappy.

BACK TO SCENE.

DAVE

Who wouldn't be -- livin' with that ole screech owl.

ROCKLIN

(continues to read)

I am desperately in need of help and advice from someone whom I feel I can trust, and I am appealing to you, because I regard you in the same way my Uncle surely must have. I heartily dislike and distrust Judge

Garvey --

DAVE

(interrupting)

Huh -- Smart girl --

ROCKLIN

(going on)

But my Aunt seems to have suddenly revised her opinion of him, and now wants me to place all my affairs in the Judge's hands and return east. Such is certainly not my wish.

DAVE

(significantly)

Looks kinda like she's formed an attachment.

Rocklin glares up to Dave.

DAVE

(quickly)

For the locality, I mean.

ROCKLIN

(continues reading)

I wanted so much to give ranch life a trial, but fear circumstances are against me, especially in view of the recent Indian trouble --

DAVE

(explosively)

Indian trouble --

(in normal tone)

Good Lord, they ain't been any Indian trouble around here in --

ROCKLIN

(caustically)

You want to hear the rest of this?

DAVE

(getting the inference)

Might's well -- come this far.

ROCKLIN

(reading)

I want to apologize for what took place this afternoon. And I am returning the 150, because I feel it

is rightfully yours. You must take
it. Faithfully yours, Clara Caldwell.

slowly
into the
top,
clothes.

The letter finished, Rocklin regards it a moment, then
returns it to the envelope as he gazes thoughtfully
fire.

Dave meantime straightens up -- scratches his shaggy
and turns his attention once more to his drying
clothes.

DAVE

(feeling his socks)
Well -- what do you make of it?

letter
cigarette.

Rocklin continues looking into the fire as he lays the
back on the bench and takes out tobacco to roll a
cigarette.

ROCKLIN

Somebody's sure bustin' to get her
out of there.

socks.

Dave sits alongside Rocklin and begins putting on his
socks.

DAVE

Indian trouble --

ROCKLIN

(after a pause)
Wonder why the old lady's playin'
along?

DAVE

(sourly)
Baaa -- Wimmen -- Who can ever figure
'em?

(pause)
Got to admit though, I feel a mite
sorry for the young'un -- nice little
tyke.

ROCKLIN

Too nice for this country.

DAVE

(after a slight pause)

She's shore a pretty thing.

Rocklin has been mulling things over.

ROCKLIN

Don't know how I could help her --
even if I wanted to -- I don't know
any thing about this Garvey -- or
Caldwell -- or --

DAVE

Well, now -- I could mebbe help you
out some, there -- Fact, I could
tell you somethin' 'bout ole Red
that might be interestin'.

ROCKLIN

You must have known him pretty well --
What kind of a man was he?

Rocklin goes to the table and resumes molding biscuits.

Dave has his boots on and is putting on his outer
shirt.

DAVE

Caldwell? -- The best -- cantankerous
cuss -- but a real cowman, believe
me -- He was a big feller, like
yourself -- Fact, you coulda passed
fer a blood relation, come to think
of it.

ROCKLIN

(casually, as he busies
himself with the
biscuits)
Was the Judge and Red friends?

DAVE

(anigmatically)
That's what you'd say. Garvey managed
all Red's business. Besides which
they was regular drinkin' pals --
played poker together most nights --
tho' they do say Red got the worst
of it.

ROCKLIN

Red was a gambler, eh?

DAVE

Oh, yeah -- reckon a pretty poor one, tho' -- still you'd say him and Garvey was friends.

ROCKLIN

(after a side glance
to Dave)

Anything ever happen to make you think they weren't?

DAVE

(moves close to Rocklin)

Rock -- I'm gonna tell you somethin' I ain't never told anybody.

ROCKLIN

(with a slight smile)

Think you can trust me?

Dave grimaces his confidence.

DAVE

The last time I seen Red was the day he died --

In the pause Rocklin remains silent.

DAVE

-- 'Twas in town -- he jus' come out of the stage office. Tried to book passage to Garden City but couldn't on account I had a full load. -- Well, sir, he took me aside and give me a printed sheet of paper and says, "Read it." I looked it over and fer as I could see it was a paper from one of them Chicago sportin' firms, tellin' how to manipulate trick playin' cards.

ROCKLIN

Marked cards.

DAVE

(nods)

Reckon so. -- Seems Red found some cards and this paper in a coat one of his friends loaned him one night.

ROCKLIN

Whose was it?

DAVE

Well, now that's just what I asked -- but all he said, was that it belonged to a good friend. Then he said he wasn't waitin' fer the next coach, but was ridin' over to see the district judge about it alone.

ROCKLIN

That's when they got him.

DAVE

Yes, sir -- 'bout a mile or so from Stan's place. A bullet in the back an' his pockets empty.

ROCKLIN

How come you never told this before?

DAVE

Who was there to tell? -- Sheriff Jackson? -- Him an' Garvey's thick as thieves.

ROCKLIN

How about what's his name -- Harolday? -- He's no friend of the Judge's, is he?

DAVE

Hates his guts -- sure riles him to see young Clint hangin' onto the Judge's coattails. All the same, I jus' decided to keep my mouth shut and my eyes open.

ROCKLIN

(after a pause)

Even if it was Garvey Red was talkin' about -- it don't follow that he killed him.

DAVE

No -- general opinion is that it was rustlers.

ROCKLIN

Why would rustlers take the evidence Caldwell had with him?

Rocklin moves away to a large earthen jug holding water

as

Dave talks.

DAVE

Looks to me if you get the man who owned the marked cards, you get the killer.

ROCKLIN

(drinking)

Funny tho' -- first the K.C. foreman -- then Caldwell -- an' now these women.

DAVE

Lordy -- you ain't thinkin' somebody might try bumpin' them?

ROCKLIN

(slowly, to himself)

I'm not so sure somebody hasn't tried already --

(to Dave)

Remember, when we stopped to change horses on the way Over from Garden City --

DAVE

Shore -- you told me how Jackson and Clews tried to frame Stan.

ROCKLIN

(nods)

Yeah. Like they wanted to be sure he'd keep his mouth shut about something.

directly Dave sits down on a box sitting against the wall, under the large earthen jug of water.

DAVE

And layin' that gun across my skull -- an' offerin' to drive the coach themselves.

A SECTION OF THE CLEARING - MOONLIGHT

A dark, mysterious figure on a horse raises his rifle -

-

INT. OF CABIN - NIGHT

SHOT.

ROCKLIN

(nods)

It was almost as if --

earthen jug
pour
wiped
the
A shot splinters the windowpane and shatters the
on the shelf directly above Dave's head. The contents
down on Dave and he topples over. Rocklin meanwhile has
the lantern off the table and ducked. They are both on
floor in the faint glow coming from the fireplace.

ROCKLIN

(going to Dave)

You all right?

DAVE

(blustering)

Will be if I ever get dry.

two
Rocklin takes off his hat and puts his finger through
holes drilled by the bullet.

ROCKLIN

Lookit that --

DAVE

Good Lord --

belt --
Rocklin puts the hat aside -- crawls over to his gun
straps it on.

ROCKLIN

Come on --

by
He opens the door cautiously. Then sneaks out, followed
Dave.

EXT. OF CABIN - MOONLIGHT - AFTER THE STORM

of the
Rocklin and Dave stand close to the cabin, just clear
door, tensely scanning the surrounding darkness.

owl
Water can be heard dripping from the cabin roof, and an

hoots in a near-by tree.

of the The sound of neighing horses comes from the direction
corral. Both men re-act.

DAVE

My team.

time Almost immediately the neighing is repeated, but this
from another direction entirely -- and from a distance.

ROCKLIN

That's not your team.

He moves to the corner of the cabin, followed by Dave.

HORSE IS STOMPING NERVOUSLY

grass at and now it starts away, galloping through the deep
animal the edge of the clearing. Only the lower part of the
is seen, along with the legs of the rider.

ROCKLIN AND DAVE HEAR THE SOUND OF RETREATING HOOF

BEATS

bent And they can barely make out their quarry riding hell-
toward the deep blackness of the trees.

clearing -- Rocklin fires and runs out into the moonlight in the
Dave close behind.

Rocklin halts -- fires again -- and again. Dave fires.
The mysterious rider is now swallowed by the night.
Dave starts after him again. Looking back, he sees
Rocklin has not moved.

DAVE

Come on --

ROCKLIN

No use -- he's gone.

DAVE

Mebbe we winged him.

back He starts through the wet grass alone. Rocklin turns toward the cabin.

DAVE - PLOUGHING THROUGH THE GRASS

something He has reached the edge of the clearing where a slight embankment leads to the level of the trees. He is just starting up to higher ground when his eyes catch on the embankment, shining in the moonlight. It proves to be a tobacco pouch bearing a steer's head of hammered sliver. It is dry, so has evidently just been dropped. Dave pockets it, and proceeds warily along the mystery rider's trail.

ROCKLIN - WHO HAS JUST ABOUT REACHED THE CABIN

toward He looks back in Dave's direction, and then looking the cabin, suddenly stops and tenses.

THE CABIN DOOR IS PARTLY OPEN

form and through it Rocklin can plainly see an indistinct moving in the faint glow of the dying fire.

CABIN ROCKLIN DRAWS HIS GUN AND MOVES STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE DOOR

INT. OF CABIN - NIGHT

watches Rocklin has reached the entrance unheard, and silently the strange figure, its back to him, now headed for the fireplace with his saddlebag, taken from the bunk. He sees the intruder start emptying his saddlebag on the bench in the light of the fire. He sees him suddenly stop and pick up something hidden from his view.

At that instant, Rocklin slams the door shut.

The intruder whirls around.

It is Arly -- tense -- and now defiant.

The two regard each other like vicious animals in the same cage. Arly's heart is pounding, but you would never know it.

And now Rocklin, his gun away, starts closing in, slowly -- but Arly holds her ground -- her eyes never leaving his.

When Rocklin reaches Arly, he takes her one hand from behind her back, and slowly forcing it up sees what is obviously Clara's letter in her tightly clenched fist. He tries to open her hand, and Arly, knowing she lacks the strength to prevent it, suddenly whips out a knife with her free hand.

But that quick, Rocklin grabs the knife hand, and without any apparent effort, wrenches it free of her grasp and tosses it across the room, where it lands on the bunk. Arly relaxes her grip on the letter meanwhile, and Rocklin gets it, and tears it very deliberately, letting the pieces fall at her feet.

He turns his back on her now, going over to his hat on the floor.

Arly is furious in her helplessness and humiliation. And Rocklin's smug manner isn't helping any. He picks up his hat and, glancing at Arly, puts his finger once more through the bullet holes.

ROCKLIN

(smiling wryly)

Not bad shootin'.

ARLY

(right back at him)
You think I did that?

ROCKLIN

Sure -- to draw us away from here.
(looks at his hat)
You know, you cut it mighty close --
Good thing I ain't got brains enough
to fill it.

the
Rocklin puts his hat on. He sees Arly looking down at
torn letter.

ROCKLIN

(suppressing smile)
Too bad you had to come 'way up here
through that storm for nothin'.

ARLY

(affectedly)
I haven't minded a bit --
(harshly)
-- because I came up to fire you.

ROCKLIN

Oh --
(nods)
I see.

Rocklin goes toward the bunk with his saddlebag.

ARLY

Get out of here -- get off the Santee
and don't ever come back.

ROCKLIN

Mind if I wait for Dave? He ought to
be along any minute -- Be funny if
he winged that shadow of yours.

ARLY

If you mean Juan -- you're loco.
He's not even up here.

ROCKLIN

(mildly surprised)
You came up alone?

ARLY

Yes.

ROCKLIN

(half believing her)
Then who was that we took out after?

ARLY

The man who shot at you.

Rocklin sits on the bunk and casually picks up Arly's knife.

ROCKLIN

Who was he?

ARLY

I don't know.

ROCKLIN

You mean you won't tell.

ARLY

I mean I don't know -- Why should I lie to you?

face --
gets up
still
seemingly
and,
back --
it,
could be
arms
Rocklin's
really
entwine
kiss
around his

That last from Arly brings a kind of smile to Rocklin's a smile that says in effect -- "Are you kidding?" He from the bunk to go to the door, and finding himself holding Arly's knife, throws it back to her in a casual manner. It passes too close to Arly for comfort Rocklin just opening the door, gets the knife right that close to his ear he feels the breeze. He looks at quivering in the door. Then, moving to Arly in what construed as a threatening manner, he takes her in his and kisses her. Arly is caught completely unaware. action disarms her. But it is, after all, what she wants, so before the kiss ends, Arly's arms slowly themselves around Rocklin's neck. In the middle of the Rocklin gently but forcefully takes her arms from

neck and puts her from him.

ROCKLIN

I guess you forgot -- you jes' fired me.

etc., He goes to the bunk -- picks up his saddlebag, coat, and starts for the door.

Arly has been silently watching.

ROCKLIN

(turning near the open door)

So long.

Dave's voice is heard just outside the cabin door.

DAVE'S VOICE

Hey, Rock --

Dave now rushes through the door, puffing and excited.

DAVE

-- He got away -- but guess what, I --

He sees Arly and pulls up abruptly.

ROCKLIN

(slowly to Dave)

You guess --

out. Rocklin gives Arly a disparaging side glance and starts

ROCKLIN

(to Dave, who is trying to figure things out)

Come on.

EXT. OF CABIN - NIGHT

him. Rocklin is headed for the corral as Dave catches up to

DAVE

(glancing back to the cabin)

Fer a man who's got a despise fer wimmin, you sure do get all snagged up with 'em.

INT. OF CABIN - NIGHT

watching

Arly, her back to us, is standing in the open doorway
the two headed for the corral.

suddenly

Her mood is evidenced by the manner in which she
slams shut the door. As she turns and leans against it,

we

see tears in her eyes, and hear suppressed sobs. Her

eyes

light on the bits of torn letter, and presently we see

her

face set itself grimly, and now she walks toward the

fireplace

and, passing the torn bite of paper, kicks at them

viciously.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

As he

LONG SHOT -- of Rocklin as he comes riding into town.

is

nears the corner where the stage and Harolday's office

of

situated, the CAMERA MOVES IN, getting Rocklin and one

near

the Harolday employees repairing the wooden sidewalk

the hitching rail.

ROCKLIN

(as he dismounts)

You work for Harolday?

The man nods.

ROCKLIN

Here's one of his horses -- I'll
pick up my saddle later.

He enters the building.

INT. HAROLDAY'S OFFICE - DAY

on a
looks
gapes.

PANNING SHOT on Harolday as he sits at the desk working
ledger. The sound of a door opening is heard. Harolday
up casually as if expecting a customer, then suddenly
CAMERA PANS to include doorway in which stands Rocklin.

ROCKLIN

Howdy...

HAROLDAY

(frowning)

I thought I sent you up to Table-
Top.

ROCKLIN

That's right.

HAROLDAY

(slowly)

What happened?

ROCKLIN

(taking off his hat)

Well, this, for one thing.

Harolday's

He pokes a finger through the hole in the crown.
eyes narrow.

HAROLDAY

(after a little pause)

I told you you'd regret letting that
rat Clews off so easy.

replying.

Rocklin looks at him with a queer expression without

HAROLDAY

What's the matter? Don't you think
it was him, then?

ROCKLIN

(slowly)

I been figgerin'. Don't seem
reasonable Clews was in condition to
take that sort of chance alone...
Besides -- how could he have known I
was up there -- that soon. And --
George Clews ain't the only one I've
run contrariwise to in this town.

There's that Mexican, for instance.

HAROLDAY

Juan?

ROCKLIN

He as good as told me yesterday that him and me was due for a run-in one of those days.

(suddenly nodding
toward window)

And then there's him!

Harolday looks sharply toward the window.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

from
MED. SHOT from office window. Clint is hurrying across
the direction of the Sun-Up Saloon toward the office.

INT. OUTER STAGECOACH OFFICE - DAY

crosses
PANNING SHOT on Clint as he enters from street and
to the door of Harolday's office.

INT. HAROLDAY'S OFFICE - DAY

in
MED. SHOT on door of inner office with Harolday at desk
f.g. As the door opens it conceals Rocklin from Clint.

CLINT

(excitedly)

I just heard that -- that Rocklin
was --

(sees Rocklin)

ROCKLIN

(slowly)

Was what?

CLINT

(subdued)

Was shot at last night.

HAROLDAY

(very calm)

Mr. Rocklin was just telling me all
about it.

(significantly)

Any idea who might have done it?

with
Clint looks quickly at Harolday and back at Rocklin
frightened eyes.

CLINT

Not me.

Rocklin makes no reply.

CLINT

You ain't trying to pin it on me?
(his courage returning)
'Cause if you are, you're in for a
big disappointment. I was over at
the Sun-Up playing poker with the
Judge and the rest of the boys till
early morning. If you don't believe
me, ask for yourself.

ROCKLIN

(after a pause)

All right. I believe you. But that
don't mean you couldn't tell a thing
or two as would help -- if you wanted.

CLINT

(very nervous again)

What d'you mean?

HAROLDAY

(sharply)

Yes. What sort of thing would Clint
here know about, that would help
identify the man who tried to kill
you last night?

ROCKLIN

This for one.

Table-
He pulls out the tobacco pouch which Dave found at
Top.

ROCKLIN

Ever seen it before?

CLOSE SHOT

Clint as he stares wide-eyed at the pouch.

MED. SHOT

intently.
group, with Rocklin and Harolday both watching Clint

HAROLDAY

(harshly)
Well, go on -- speak up. Did you
ever see it before?

CLINT

(avoiding Harolday's
eye)
No. Course I didn't
(suddenly raging at
Rocklin)
Quit riding me! I don't know nothin'
about it I tell you. Jest because I
had a run-in with you over a game o'
cards, that don't mean I'd sneak up
on you in the dark and...

Clint,
for a
Rocklin's disdainful smile takes the speech out of
who just sort of runs out of words. Rocklin hesitates
second then moves toward the door.

CLOSE SHOT

toward
walking
something
walking
Harolday and Clint are at window looking past camera
the street. They see Rocklin carrying his saddle,
toward the Sun-Up. Shorty Davis hails Rocklin, says
to him and points to the Sun-Up. Rocklin leaves,
faster.

HAROLDAY

(frowning deeply)
He means trouble.

He turns from camera toward the desk.

CLINT

(still at window)
Aw, what do I care.

HAROLDAY

(turning on him with

cold fury)
Listen, I never did have much use
for you. You're a poor specimen at
the best; but as a would-be bad man
you're nothing but a laughing stock.
Why, the way you lied about that
pouch just now wouldn't have deceived
a six-year old.

CLINT

I...

HAROLDAY

(harshly)
All right, let it go at that. But I
got myself to think of. It wouldn't
suit me at all just now to have you
shown up in public for what you are
by that trouble-shootin' cowhand. My
advice to you is to get out of the
district and stay out.

(taking a key from
his vest pocket)

You'll find some money in the safe
at the ranch. Take what you need and
put the key in the desk drawer. Now
get.

INT. UPPER HALL - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

looking
the
rear
opens

Rocklin comes down the hall carrying his saddle and
at the room numbers. As he nears the f.g. he locates
room he is looking for (it is a room facing toward the
of the Sun-Up). He knocks. Almost immediately the door
and Clara stands there -- flushed and embarrassed.

CLARA

Oh, Mr. Rocklin --

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

Rocklin,

This is the room in which Clara has arranged to meet
who later takes it as his own.

SHOT at door as Rocklin steps into the room.

CLARA

I'm so glad I've found you -- I was on my way to the Santee and learned you were in town.

ROCKLIN

(putting his saddle,
etc., aside)
Just got in.

CLARA

I feel perfectly awful, running after you like this, but --

ROCKLIN

You got trouble, eh?

CLARA

My aunt found out I wrote you and made a terrible scene --

ROCKLIN

You haven't signed everything over to that Garvey, have you?

CLARA

No -- and because I refused, Auntie said she would sign an affidavit that I'm still underage, and then, as my guardian she can do what she likes.

ROCKLIN

Got anything to prove you're not underage?

CLARA

(after a slight pause)
No -- but Mr. Garvey has a letter that would prove it. My aunt wrote it before we came out here.

ROCKLIN

S'pose we could get it?

CLARA

He'd never give it to me.

ROCKLIN

(starts for door)
Wait here.

CLARA

(with a slight start
toward Rocklin)
Oh, please -- you --
(she hesitates, not
quite sure what to
say)
You won't go getting yourself in
trouble -- I -- I'd rather give up
everything -- I mean --

slight
Rocklin notes her confusion. He regards her with a
sympathetic smile. Then opens the door and exits.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

It
CLOSE SHOT -- a letter written in a bold feminine hand.
reads:

DEAR MR. GARVEY:

that
this
it
interest
In answer to your letter of the 25th, kindly be advised
my niece, Clara Caldwell, became of age January 11th of
year. And, although I am no longer her legal guardian,
behooves me, as her nearest kin, to show continued
in her affairs --

And
CAMERA
hand.
and
Garvey
the
and
The CAMERA HOLDS LONG ENOUGH for the letter to be read.
now the letter begins to be consumed in a flame as the
PULLS BACK showing the burning letter in Judge Garvey's
He is standing over the potbellied stove in his office,
Miss Martin is close to him watching the letter burn.
finally lets it fall from his fingers onto the top of
stove. He lifts the lid, lets the remains fall inside,
smiles to Miss Martin.

GARVEY

That takes care of that --
(crosses to his desk)
Now, I'll draw up an affidavit right
away and everything will be taken
care of as we want it.

MISS MARTIN

(not too enthusiastic)
I certainly hope so -- it's not myself
I'm concerned about --

GARVEY

(getting out the papers)
-- Of course not.

MISS MARTIN

I can't say I'm very happy about
doing this -- I only hope it works
out for the best.

GARVEY

It's the better choice of two evils --
now let's see --
(begins to write)
I, Elizabeth --
(looks at Miss Martin)
It is Elizabeth, isn't it?

MISS MARTIN

Yes --

GARVEY

-- Elizabeth Martin, of Danvers,
Massachusetts, do hereby --

been
The door opens and Rocklin enters. Miss Martin, who has
pacing nervously, stops in her tracks. Garvey, taken
completely by surprise, feigns an affected casualness.
Rocklin
eyes them both suspiciously as he slowly closes the
door.

GARVEY

(leaning back in his
chair)
Well, Mr. Rocklin, this is indeed a
surprise. Didn't expect to see you
so soon. I understood you were riding
for the Santee.

ROCKLIN

(coldly)
That's right.

It is quite obvious to Garvey that Rocklin is here on business. He turns to Miss Martin.

GARVEY

(to Miss Martin)
Perhaps you'd better come back later --

after
the
Miss Martin is in accord with that suggestion, and giving Rocklin the frigid eye, flounces out, slamming door.

returning to
his desk.
Garvey shakes his head, wipes his brow, and is

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

ear
SHOT -- door to Garvey's office. Miss Martin has her ear glued to the panels. Over scene comes Rocklin's voice.

ROCKLIN'S VOICE

I came for that letter.

Miss Martin reacts.

INT. OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

SHOT -- Garvey and Rocklin.

GARVEY

(calmly)
Did you say letter?

ROCKLIN

That's right -- the one Miss Caldwell's aunt wrote from out east sayin' she was of age. Remember?

GARVEY

No -- I'm afraid I don't.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

satisfaction

SHOT -- door. Miss Martin reacts with nod of
and leaves.

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

drawer
sits

Rocklin goes to the filing cabinet where he opens the
marked "C." As he fingers through the papers, Garvey
back in his chair, watching.

GARVEY

What is your interest in this letter?

ROCKLIN

My only interest is getting' it.

GARVEY

You realize what this is, don't you? --
Robbing -- armed robbery at that.

Rocklin pulls open the "M" drawer.

GARVEY

I warn you, you're in for a
disappointment.

to
is

Not finding the letter in the "M" drawer, Rocklin goes
the desk and pulls the handle of one of the drawers. It
locked.

ROCKLIN

Open up.

GARVEY

(has had about enough)
Listens, you --
(suddenly controls
himself)
There's nothing in there that'd
interest you.

ROCKLIN

(grimly)
I'd like to make up my own mind about
that.

GARVEY

(forces a chuckle)

All right -- I'll open it -- just to
convince you I'm not hiding any
letter.

contain Garvey unlocks the drawer and opens it. It is found to
nothing but two brand new decks of playing cards.
The UNOPENED DECKS OF CARDS.

close BACK TO SCENE. Garvey seems a little too anxious to
hand the drawer, and before he can do so, Rocklin has one
Rocklin. inside. Garvey, checked for a second, looks up at

GARVEY

What's the idea?

decks. Rocklin slowly withdraws his hand, holding one of the

ROCKLIN

These cards --

GARVEY

(attempting to bluff
it out)

Anything wrong in a man having cards
in his possession?

ROCKLIN

Depends on what kind they are --
'specially when they're under lock
and key.

Rocklin The two regard each other silently a moment. Now
casually slips the deck he holds into his pocket.

GARVEY

(too politely)
You're taking those, I presume.

ROCKLIN

That's right.

arm. He takes a step away. Garvey turns him by touching his

GARVEY

(has had almost enough)
Now, you look here --

ROCKLIN

(soberly)
You're the one who better start
lookin' -- lookin' for a way out for
killin' Red Caldwell.

GARVEY

(blanches)
Caldwell --

ROCKLIN

(takes up one of the
decks of cards)
He found out about these -- and you
went and killed him.

GARVEY

(with an affected
smile and unnatural
calmness)
And you believe a story like that?

ROCKLIN

I will until I hear a better one.
(puts deck he holds,
in his pocket)
I'll just take this along -- the
district judge at Garden City should
be mighty interested.

corner
middle
a
being
The

He starts around the desk toward the door. From the
of his eye he catches Garvey reaching for a gun in the
drawer. Before he can raise it, Rocklin is on him with
blow that sends Garvey reeling back toward the stove.
Rocklin starts for the door again, and just misses
struck by a chair which Garvey hurls with vicious fury.
chair crashes against a window.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

passers-

The sound of breaking glass attracts the attention of

Sammy,

by, as well as Miss Martin seated in her surrey with
the K.C. China-boy.

INT. OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

The two are now fighting in earnest.

VARIOUS FLASHES

outside.
of the fight, intercut with townspeople gathering

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dave pulls up in his wagon.

INT. OF GARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

about

goes

Fossler

It is pretty well wrecked. Rocklin has Garvey just
done in. He gives him one final Sunday punch and Garvey
down and stays down. At that moment, Dave and Pap
enter followed by other curious natives.

DAVE

Say -- looks like you two been
disagreein' 'bout somethin' --
(to Fossler, who has
gone over to Garvey)
He ain't daid, is he?

PAP FOSSLER

Not permanently, I don't reckon. --
What happened, anyways?

DAVE

(to Rocklin)
You musta found out somethin'.

PAP FOSSLER

(with a wink to Dave)
I reckon the Judge did, too.

and

sees

himself

They exit, and almost immediately Miss Martin enters,
after gaping in horror at the appearance of the place,
the Judge, who, having regained consciousness, bestirs

on the floor.

MISS MARTIN

Oh, dear -- dear -- are you hurt?

GARVEY

(getting up painfully)
Get out of my way --

his
follows
Garvey, on his feet now, makes for the door leading to
living quarters at the back of the office. Miss Martin
him.

MISS MARTIN

(haughtily)
Now don't you use that tone of voice
to me --
(going through doorway)
I'll have you understand I --

is,
Garvey
She sees the bed and shrieks upon realizing where she
and backs out quickly, almost catching the door which
slams in her face.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - DAY

Dave has
Rocklin and Dave as they walk from Garvey's office.
a time hopping along against Rocklin's strides.

DAVE

-- Find out who owns that tobaccy
pouch yet?

ROCKLIN

(staring straight
ahead)
No -- but get hold of Clint Harolday.

DAVE

Clint -- Is he in on it?

ROCKLIN

Can't say for sure -- Bring him to
the Sun-Up, and don't take no for an
answer.

stage
Dave leaves and exits from shot in the direction of the office. Rocklin goes off toward the Sun-Up.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

the
Rocklin
as
this,
his
PANNING SHOT. Juan is lounging against the corner of building, soberly watching Rocklin's approach. As comes into the scene he spots Juan, and stops a moment though deciding whether or not to question him. During Juan casually takes his ornamental tobacco pouch from pocket and begins to roll a cigarette.

up
The CAMERA PANS Rocklin to the side of the building and the outer stairs.

INT. UPPER HALL - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

reaches
Rocklin comes through the door and down the hall. He his room, and is about to open the door when he hears a familiar voice inside. He listens.

ARLY'S VOICE

-- So now you know the truth. And if you think you can steal him away from me, you're welcome to try it.

Rocklin frowns and enters.

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - DAY

open as
sitting
to
Rocklin steps into the room, holding the door partly he focuses his attention on Arly. Clara, who has been in the rocker near the window, gets up and is the first to speak.

CLARA

(anxiously)
Did you get it?

Rocklin closes the door.

ROCKLIN

No -- but I don't think it's gonna matter much -- you go on back to the K.C. and I'll be out in the mornin' and take you with me to Garden City to see the district judge.

CLARA

But I hate putting you to that trouble.

ROCKLIN

No trouble at all -- I'm going anyway.

ARLY

(casually)
You look like you've been fighting.

ROCKLIN

(soberly)
What are you doin' here?

ARLY

I was just telling Miss Caldwell about -- well -- you and me.

ROCKLIN

(his eyes narrowing)
What about, you an' me?

CLARA

(sensing the static
in the atmosphere)
I think I'd better be going...

ROCKLIN

(turning quickly from
Arly)
Just a minute --
(glances at Arly)
What all has she been tellin' you?

CLARA

(embarrassed)
Oh -- oh, really I'd rather not --

ARLY

(interrupting)
Go ahead, tell him --
(looks at Rocklin and
goes on defiantly)
-- and I dare him to deny it.

ROCKLIN

Deny what?

CLARA

That she was with you last night at
the cabin in the mountains.

ROCKLIN

Well -- why should I deny it?...

ARLY

(quickly)

And didn't you make love to me?

ROCKLIN

(this is getting a
bit thick for him)

Make love to you --

ARLY

(forcing her point)

You didn't kiss me -- I suppose?

ROCKLIN

Did you expect me to deny that, too?

ARLY

(smiles at Clara)

You see?

ROCKLIN

(to Clara)

Now, maybe you ought to hear what
I've got to say --

Clara is terribly hurt, but struggles to be grown-up
about
it.

CLARA

Please -- you needn't explain. After
all, it really isn't any of my
business, is it?

ROCKLIN

(in the pause he looks
at Arly)

You little --

ARLY

(quickly)

That's it -- start swearin'--
(to Clara)
Just like a man.

ROCKLIN

If there wasn't a lady here, I'd do
more to you than swear.

CLARA

I don't know how I can ever thank
you for trying to help me. I do
appreciate it ever so much --
(to Arly)
Don't think too harshly of me, will
you -- I --

away
burn
Clara can say no more without breaking. So she turns
quickly and hurries out the door. Rocklin does a slow
as he glares at Arly.

ARLY

(sincerely -- after a
pause)
She's lovely, isn't she? -- So sweet --
honest, and helpless.

Rocklin makes no reply.

ARLY

Pity you didn't fall in love with
her, instead of me.

and
may
Arly is being ridiculous now. He ignores her remarks
concentrates his attention on one of his hands -- he
have sprained it slightly in the fight.

ROCKLIN

You might's well know right now that
you or no woman is ever goin' to get
me.

ARLY

Don't be so sure -- I don't think
I'm doin' so badly.

ROCKLIN

Don't you?

ARLY

Don't you know?

ROCKLIN

I know there ain't a dirty trick you
wouldn't play to get what you want.

ARLY

(smiling)

I always get what I want.

She takes a folded piece of paper out of her pocket and
drops it on the dresser as Rocklin watches her.

ARLY

-- See?

(opens the door)

-- 'Bye now --

The door closes. Rocklin stands a moment. Now curiosity
brings him to the dresser where he takes up the paper and
unfolds it.

CLARA'S LETTER. The torn pieces have all been sorted
and pasted together on a sheet of paper

BACK TO SCENE. Rocklin holds the letter. He is mad. He
shakes his head -- What a gal --- Now he is almost smiling --
almost. He folds the letter -- puts it in his pocket. Takes off
his gun-belt and hangs it over the rocker near the window,
and stretches out on the bed, as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CALDWELL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

ON Clara hurrying toward the front door in a suppressed
state of excitement. She has presumably just arrived at the
ranch

glance

in advance of Miss Martin. She enters the house after a
toward the gate.

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

her

Clara enters hastily and beats a path to the door of
room.

INT. CLARA'S ROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

in

she

The door flies open. Clara bursts in, closing the door
the same movement. Her eyes swing to someone o.s. and
freezes to the spot.

ON

threatening.

moment's

Miss Martin, standing by the window, cold and
She has not taken the time to remove her hat. After a
pause, she moves slowly toward Clara.

back

more

appraises the

across

even

The CAMERA PANS WITH her into a TWO SHOT. Clara, her
pressing harder and harder against the door, becomes
terrified at the other's approach. Miss Martin
girl a short moment and now suddenly slaps her hard
the face. Clara opens her mouth, about to scream, but
stifles this impulse under the cold stare of her aunt.

MISS MARTIN

(quietly but viciously)

Whatever is to become of you?

Clara can only stare as one under an hypnotic spell.

MISS MARTIN

Have you no sense of pride, or
decency? Throwing yourself at that --
that wretch, like any shameless hussy.

Clara hasn't moved.

MISS MARTIN

I thought we'd done with him -- but
no -- you have to run to him and
tell him all our business --

Martin,
now.
Clara merely gasps for a breath of air, but Miss
thinking her about to speak, goes on, more forcefully

MISS MARTIN

Don't you dare deny it -- you know
very well you told him about that
letter I wrote Mr. Garvey.

Clara remains silent.

MISS MARTIN

Didn't you? --

eyes
Clara, now utterly broken, moves away. Miss Martin, her
still rivited on the girl, follows.

MISS MARTIN

Didn't you?

DISSOLVE

INT. GARVEY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

fight.
himself
a
near the
The office has been more or less cleaned up since the
Garvey is discovered near the window. He has cleaned
up but bears some evidence of the fight. He is reading
letter as Sammy, the K.C. China-boy, stands waiting
door.

Miss
LETTER. The message is written in the same bold hand of
Martin already seen in the previous letter:

Mr. Garvey,

intends
evidently to
I have just learned that despicable Rocklin person
to take Clara to Garden City in the morning --

about have you investigated. I thought you had better know
it.

E.M.

he BACK TO SCENE. Garvey puts the message in his pocket as
addresses Sammy.

GARVEY

Tell Miss Martin that I'll take care
of everything.

SAMMY

-- You take care of everything.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

cards in On Rocklin, stretched across the bed, examining the
the light of a lamp.

EXT. REAR OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

peers Garvey comes from around the building's corner and
furtively through the darkness toward the lighted
windows of Rocklin's room.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTA INEZ - NIGHT

to The area in front of the Sun-Up. Dave's wagon pulls up
stripped of the hitching rail in front of the saloon. Clint,
They his gun, is driving with Dave, alertly watching him.
corner get down from the wagon and Dave prods Clint toward the
of the building.

EXT. SIDE OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

Rocklin's Garvey has left the spot where we saw him look up to

the
the Sun-
almost

window. We now see him as he rounds a rear corner of building and goes toward the outer stairs leading to Up's second floor. He starts up the steps and stops immediately and stares o.s.

ANGEL

around

From Garvey's ANGLE as he sees Dave bringing Clint from in front of the building toward the stairway.

CAMERA HOLDS

position
the
toward
Tala
exact
only a
Garvey,
of

Garvey steps quickly to the ground and takes up a position around the rear corner. He watches the two men approach stairway and go up. He moves out of the shot now, going toward the street. The CAMERA HOLDS on the corner, and we see Tala come into view, as though from nowhere, and take the exact position at the building's corner vacated by Garvey only a moment before. It is apparent that he is watching Garvey, and after a momentary pause he too moves stealthily out of the scene.

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

we
stretched
hangs
the

PANNING SHOT on Rocklin asleep. He is fully dressed, as we last saw him, with the exception of his boots. He is stretched full length on top of the covers. His gun-belt still hangs over the rocker, close to the open window. A knock on the door brings him to a sitting position.

ROCKLIN

Come in --

followed by

CAMERA PANS TO door as Clint enters reluctantly, followed by the triumphant Dave.

DAVE

Here he is, Rock. Caught him jist in
time near the Santee. Headed fer
out, I'd say.

ROCKLIN

Sit down, Clint.
(to Dave, as he reaches
into his pocket)
How about goin' down below an' havin'
one on me?

puts on
He tosses Dave a coin, who catches it. Then Rocklin
his boots.

DAVE

(delighted)
Well, now -- that's right thoughtful --
Holler if you need me.

Dave exits.

CLINT

(belligerently, as he
stands near the window)
What's this all about?

ROCKLIN

(calmly, as he stands
up)
It ain't gonna do you any good to
get all het up and tough, kid --

Clint.
Rocklin begins rolling a cigarette as he moves toward

ROCKLIN

I just want to ask you a few questions --
that's all.

EXT. SIDE OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

darkness
the
the
An unidentifiable form is seen moving through the
toward the outer stairway. As it nears the stairway,
CAMERA MOVES IN so that as the mysterious figure begins
stealthily up the stairs, we see only the feet through
rungs.

SHOT of
watch
line of
across
rear

The CAMERA THEN PANS QUICKLY AND ZOOMS INTO A CLOSE
Juan, across the alley. And now through Juan's eyes we
the ascent of the mysterious intruder: The Mexican's
vision gradually raises, then the eyes slowly move
the camera as the dark figure proceeds along to the
portion of the verandah.

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

Rocklin finishes rolling his cigarette and lights it.

CLINT

I told you once, I don't know who
owns that pouch-- and I don't know
who shot you.

ROCKLIN

(calmly)
Forget it -- that's not what I want
to talk to you about, anyway.

CLINT

(harshly)
Well, what do you want to talk about?
Come on, get it over with.

EXT. VERANDAH - REAR OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

along
stops

The mysterious form has moved past the darkened windows
the verandah and is nearing Rocklin's lighted room --
close to the open window.

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

SHOT -- Rocklin and Clint.

ROCKLIN

Clint -- I want you to tell me why
Garvey murdered Red Caldwell --

Clint tenses -- stares -- finds breathing difficult.

ROCKLIN

You know -- don't you?

CLINT

(shaking)

Me? No!

ROCKLIN

Oh yes you do.

(advancing on him)

And you're going to tell me all about it.

CLINT

I don't know nothing, I tell you --

I --

off
Rocklin slaps Clint's face open-handed, throwing him
balance, then grabs him by the shirt front.

ROCKLIN

Talk!

CLINT

I tell ya, I...

ROCKLIN

(hitting him again)

Talk!

to
looks
Completely terrified, Clint opens his mouth as if about
speak. Suddenly he sees something out of the shot over
Rocklin's shoulder and his expression changes. Rocklin
looks
quickly in the same direction.

MED. SHOT

reaching
is
window. A gloved hand has come out of the dark and is
through the window for Rocklin's gun in the belt which
is
hanging over the chair.

CLOSE SHOT

the
jug
head. As
Clint and Rocklin. The latter is still looking toward
window. With a swift movement Clint picks up the water
from the washstand and brings it down on Rocklin's

with a
Rocklin falls out of shot, Clint turns to the window
triumphant smile. Suddenly his expression changes.

CLINT

(in a hoarse scream)

No! No, don't!

stomach.
There is a shot from o.s. and Clint's hands go to his
floor.
With a gasp of pain he doubles up and collapses on the

SHOT

Rocklin
window. The hand of the killer pitches the gun toward
and disappears.

INT. BAR - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

and
table
others.
Lined up at the bar are Dave, Pap Fossler, Shorty Davis
a few others. Cap is in his usual place. At the poker
are Doc Riding, Sam Haynes, Ab Jenkins and one or two
others.

to
toward
--
he
direction.
The shot has evidently been heard, for everything seems
have stopped, and Dave and Pap Fussier are looking up
the ceiling, as are others. Now Dave snaps back to life
gulps down his drink, and hurries toward the stairs. As
starts up, the others move slowly in the same

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

and as
his
feet as Dave rushes in.
Rocklin is on the floor, groggy. He shakes his head,
his senses return, he picks up the gun and just gets to

in
comes
Dave sees Clint's body on the floor -- notices the gun
Rocklin's hand. He opens his mouth to speak but nothing

hurrying
in,

out. All he can do is stare and grimace. The sound of feet comes from the hall, and presently the mob closes crowding the room and the hall.

kneels

Pap Fossler, who has been one of the first to enter, over Clint.

During this, there are general ad libs from the crowd.

AD LIBS

What happened? Who is it? Clint
Harolday -- Etc.

PAP FOSSLER

Where's Doc Riding?

AD LIBS

Get the Doc. Hey, Doc -- He was down
below. Here he is.

through

Doc's voice is heard from the hall as he makes his way through the jam.

DOC RIDING'S VOICE

Here I am --

AD LIBS

Look out, men -- Let the Doc through.
Etc.

Fossler.

Doc riding comes through the crowd, kneels beside Pap Fossler. He needs only a glance to know he can be of no use.

DOC RIDING

(breaking the silence)
Somebody better fetch Harolday.

CAP

Shorty's already gone for him.

PAP FOSSLER

(getting up)
Better get Arly, too.

A voice is heard from the hall.

VOICE

She was at the hotel a while ago.

PAP FOSSLER

(looking down at Clint
and shaking his head)
He was only a kid.

CLOSE SHOT

Clint's
Rocklin, still holding his gun as he stares down at
body o.s. Now he studies the faces of the mob.

PANNING SHOT

faces.
of the crowd. There is nothing but a sea of hostile

JACKSON'S VOICE

What's goin' on here -- gang way --

The crowd parts to admit Jackson, who comes stalking in
followed by Judge Garvey.

JACKSON

What's the trouble here --

levels his
He stops abruptly as he sees Clint's body. Now he
eyes on Rocklin.

JACKSON

(with a bitter smile)
I warned you, didn't I? -- Well, I
guess this is the last trouble you'll
ever make in this town.
(extending his hand)
Hand over that gun.

ROCKLIN

Just a minute, now --

something
He steps back so no one is behind him. And there is
about his manner and tone that urges Jackson to use
discretion.

ROCKLIN

(to the crowd,
generally)
I know it looks bad -- but I didn't
kill the kid.

The crowd stares in skeptical silence. Even Dave thinks Rocklin is lying, and now does his best to protect his friend.

DAVE

I believe you.
(to the others)
His gun was layin' over there on the floor when I come in and --

ROCKLIN

(cutting in)
No it wasn't -- It was right in my hand -- like it is now.

Dave winces.

JACKSON

If you didn't know him -- then who did?

ROCKLIN

I don't know --
(looks at garvey)
But I'm going to find out.

INT. UPPER HALL - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

Harolday, followed by Shorty Davis, is making his way down the hall from the inner stair landing. As he nears the crowd gathered at Rocklin's door, Juan comes into view down the hall, having just entered through the door leading out onto the verandah.

HAROLDAY

(as he nears Rocklin's door)
Where is he? -- Where's my boy?

INT. ROCKLIN'S ROOM - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

Harolday enters, over the ad libs of the mob, followed by Shorty Davis. During the following action, Juan enters and stands near the door, silently taking in everything.

CLOSE SHOT

Harolday, as he sees Clint's body and stops dead in
horror.

He turns to Rocklin.

HAROLDAY

(with cold violence)
You murderer.

ROCKLIN

I didn't do it, Mr. Harolday.

HAROLDAY

(quickly)
Then who did?

VOICE

(from crowd)
He had a gun in his hand when we
come in.

GARVEY

(smoothly)
And I'll bet it's the same one the
bullet that killed Clint came out
of.

Rocklin gives Garvey a hard, slow look.

HAROLDAY

Well, what do you say to that?

ROCKLIN

He's right.

GARVEY

You admit it.

ROCKLIN

Yeah -- but that still don't say I
killed him.

AD LIBS

Aw, take him away -- Liar -- Lock
him up, Sheriff -- The yellow-bellied --
Etc.

ON ARLY AS SHE PUSHES HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD

She stares down at Clint. An expression of pity comes
over

her. Now she looks coldly at Rocklin.

ARLY

(softly)
Why did you do it?

MED. SHOT

with Rocklin in f.g.

ROCKLIN

I didn't.

GARVEY

He admits it was his gun that shot him.

ARLY

(whose eyes haven't
left Rocklin's)
But you didn't fire it.

ROCKLIN

That's right.

ARLY

What happened?

ROCKLIN

(slowly)
Clint and me was having a bit of an argument.

ARLY

(quickly)
What about?

ROCKLIN

(searching for words)
About whether he was going to help clear up a few things that's been bothering me and some others 'round these parts.

(looking at Garvey)
For instance -- who it was shot Red Caldwell.

JACKSON

Caldwell!

ROCKLIN

(still at Garvey)

And the K.C. foreman. And who took that shot at me up at Table-Top last night. And why certain people are so anxious to get rid of the Caldwell girl.

PAP FOSSLER

How would Clint know about all that?

HAROLDAY

(harshly)

He's lying. He's trying to cover up for killing my boy.

JACKSON

(encouraged by the support)

Quit stalling, Rocklin.

He makes a tentative movement toward Rocklin but Arly intervenes.

ARLY

Wait a minute -- he's get a right to be heard.

(to Rocklin)

Well, we're listenin'.

ROCKLIN

Well -- Clint was getting' all set to talk, when -- somebody snuck up along the verandah there and pulled the gun out o' my belt...

(indicating the belt on chair)

... and let him have it.

breaks
There is a moment's amazed silence. Then the crowd into derisive comment.

AD LIBS

What a story! What an alibi! String him up, the heel! Etc.

JACKSON

(grinning)

You'll have to think up something better than that Rocklin.

MED. SHOT

with Garvey in f.g.

GARVEY

(smoothly)

Don't be a fool, Rocklin. You know you can't get away with a yarn like that. Why don't you save yourself and everyone else a lot of trouble by surrendering to the Sheriff? After all, it isn't such a crime in these parts to kill a man in self-defense.

ROCKLIN

Self-defense?

GARVEY

Everyone knows what Clint was like. He probably lost his head and pulled a gun on you, like he did at the Sun-Up that night. Wasn't that it?

ROCKLIN

(grimly; after a little pause)

No, that wasn't it. And till I do what I got to do, I ain't surrenderin' to anybody -- least of all to your pal here.

(indicates sheriff)

If I got to be shot for knowing too much, it ain't going to be in the back, in a framed-up jail-break.

CLOSE SHOT

Arly, who has been staring at Rocklin in frowning bewilderment.

ARLY

But if someone's trying to kill you, why didn't they do it just now? Why did they have to kill Clint?

CLOSE SHOT

Rocklin.

ROCKLIN

Guess they wanted to get Clint, too. Doin' it this way they get us both. Clint first -- an' me afterwards -- like I jus' said.

MED. SHOT

who
with Garvey in f.g. Close beside him are Pap and Dave,
watches Garvey closely.

PAP FOSSLER

Quit fancy talk. Who's "they?"

ROCKLIN

I might be able to tell you that
later.

JACKSON

(quickly)

No you won't -- because you're comin'
with me.

ROCKLIN

(raises his gun)

Am I?

The crowd tenses. Rocklin eyes them grimly.

ROCKLIN

The first one that moves -- gets it.

leveled
he
from
has
reach it
they
He moves over to the open window, and with his gun
on the mob, steps out onto the verandah. Once outside,
suddenly lets the window fall and disappears. A shot
Jackson's gun shatters a pane, during which time there
been a rush to the window. It is Arly and Dave who
first, and feigning an attempt to raise the window,
momentarily delay pursuit.

AT THE DOOR LEADING FROM THE ROOM

crowd
There is the inevitable jam as the pushing, yelling
all try to exit at once.

EXT. REAR OF SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

dropped
Rocklin, as he picks himself off the ground, having

from the verandah. He starts quickly away.

EXT. WINDOW OF ROCKLIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

one
Jackson
and
SHOOTING INTO the room, we see Arly and Dave shoved to
side by Jackson and Garvey. The window goes up and
steps out, followed by Garvey, Harolday, Arly, Dave,
others.

INT. UPPER HALL - SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

wildly
The human jam has been broken, and now the mob dashes
toward the stairway, and verandah exit in the b.g.

EXT. SUN-UP SALOON - NIGHT

dozen
team
The hitching rail in front of the Sun-Up. There are a
or so horses tied up to it and close to it is Dave's
and wagon. Rocklin comes from around the corner of the
building and races to the hitching rail.

TOP OF OUTSIDE STAIRS

porch
stairs
the
There
down
Jackson and Garvey come from around the corner of the
followed by Harolday, Arly, Dave, and others. At the
they collide with some of the men who have raced down
hall, only to reach the stairway at the same moment.
is another jam on the landing as the mob all try to get
at once.

ROCKLIN AT THE HITCHING RAIL

see
horses
He has cut the lines of the horses tied to the rail. We
him cutting the last line and fire into the air. The
rare and stampede.

AROUND
THE MOB - WITH JACKSON AND GARVEY LEADING - COME FROM
THE BUILDING

and
retrieve

And now there is a state of utter confusion as the mob
horses rush in all directions as the men try to
their mounts. Rocklin is no where in evidence.

WAGON

GARVEY AND JACKSON - AS HAROLDAY JOINS THEM NEAR DAVE'S

HAROLDAY

(sarcastically)

Well, Sheriff -- you certainly are
to be congratulated.

JACKSON

(harassed)

Look, Mr. Harolday -- you saw what
happened --

GARVEY

(deeply concerned)

Never mind that -- Let's get going
for Garden City -- that's where he's
headed for.

HAROLDAY

You sure?

GARVEY

I'm positive.

exits

Dave climbs into his wagon behind the group as Jackson
quickly.

EXT. STAGE OFFICE - SANTA INEZ - NIGHT

here.

At hitching rail. There are four or five horses tied up

scene

Arly and Juan enter and mount their horses, and almost
immediately Garvey and Harolday come hurrying into the

after two of the other horses.

ARLY

(shouts from her horse)

Where do you think he's gone?

voice is

Before either of the two men can answer, Jackson's

heard shouting o.s.

JACKSON'S VOICE

All right, men -- follow me --

as
starts
They do
going

The CAMERA PANS AROUND, getting Jackson, now mounted, others come riding in. He rares his horse around and away followed by the mob, including our principals. not get very far when Dave's wagon comes into the shot, hell-bent in pursuit.

EXT. ROAD NEAR EDGE OF SANTA INEZ - NIGHT

The posse riding hard, with Dave's wagon following.

CLOSE SHOT

are

Dave, half standing as he urges his team on. Behind him the closed flaps of the wagon top.

WIDER ANGLE

the
back

as a hand reaches out from between the flaps and grasps reins. Dave takes it, and looks wildly around -- falls on the seat.

ON ROCKLIN - AS HIS HEAD COMES FROM BETWEEN THE FLAPS

Rocklin

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Dave, smiling broadly. is pulling hard on the reins.

DAVE

I mighta knowed you'd do somethin' like this.

(as Rocklin slows the team)

What are we doin'?

ROCKLIN

Headin' for the K.C.

With that Rocklin starts swinging the team around.

ON THE WAGON AS IT SWINGS AROUND AND BECOMES LOST IN

THE

DISTANT NIGHT

WIPE

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Martin's
over
Sammy, the China-boy, is nervously knocking on Miss
door. It opens and Miss Martin is seen slipping a robe
her long Mother Hubbard nightgown, with cap to match.

MISS MARTIN

(impatiently)

Now -- what is it?

Sammy points o.s. -- Miss Martin looks and freezes.

until
As she moves down the hall, the CAMERA PANS WITH her
it gets two men standing near the entrance door.

recognize
bandaged,
Now the CAMERA MOVES IN TO A THREE SHOT and we
George Clews and his brother, Bob. Bob, his wrist
takes off his hat at Miss Martin's approach, and George
noticing, does likewise.

GEORGE CLEWS

The name's Clews, ma'am -- Mr. Garvey
sent us out --

BOB CLEWS

(eagerly)

Said you were expectin' trouble with
that Rocklin.

MISS MARTIN

I am.

(acidly to George)

-- But I'm wondering if you're up to
it. I noticed you didn't fare so
well with him yesterday.

BOB CLEWS

He was drunk --

GEORGE CLEWS

(quickly)

Yeah -- But I'm sober now.

MISS MARTIN

Well, see that you stay that way.

GEORGE CLEWS

Don't worry, ma'am -- I've jus' bin waitin' to get even with that saddle-bum.

He opens the door.

BOB CLEWS

(with that oily smile)
We'll be close-by.

GEORGE CLEWS

(confidently)
You bet.

They start out.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Clara is seen in her nightgown, listening at the door
to her
the
just
head
room. The sound of the outer door closing comes over
scene and she hurries to her bed and feigns sleep, and
in time, for the door opens and Miss Martin sticks her
in, and satisfied that Clara is sleeping, exits.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGHWAY - ROAD TO GARDEN CITY - NIGHT

A raspy voice is heard coming out of the darkness
singing a
his
camera, we
ribald song of the periods. And now Old Zeke, riding
burro, comes into view. As he passes close to the
PAN and get the posse coming out of the darkness in the
opposite direction Zeke is travelling.
As the posse pulls up to Zeke, the CAMERA MOVES IN on a
group
including Zeke, Jackson, Garvey, Harolday.

JACKSON

Seen anybody ridin' hard for Garden
City.

ZEKE

Bin on the road since sundown --
ain't seen a livin' soul -- be he
man or beast.

JACKSON

He mighta taken the cutoff through
Jaw Bone Canyon.

HAROLDAY

After that storm? -- He'd never make
it.

GARVEY

There's only one other place he might
have gone -- the K.C.

JACKSON

You think so?

GARVEY

(very definitely)
I'm positive.

HAROLDAY

That's what you said before.

JACKSON

(shouting to the posse
milling around)
To the K.C., men.

The posse swings around and starts back toward Santa
Inez.

ARLY AND JUAN

Arly watches the posse, then turns to Juan.

ARLY

(excitedly)
Take me through the canyon.

JUAN

It is dangerous, senorita.

ARLY

But if we get through we'll beat
them to the K.C.

JUAN

You would risk your life for Senor
Rocklin?

in Arly does not answer in words. But Juan sees the answer
her eyes. Now she tosses her head defiantly and swings
her horse off the road in the direction of the canyon. Juan
watches a moment, then spurs his mount after her, as we

DISSOLVE

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

sits up On Clara, tossing fitfully in her bed. Suddenly she
hurries as an idea begins to take form in her mind. Now she
leaving out of bed, moves stealthily to the door and goes out,
her door open.

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

hall to ON door to Miss Martin's room. Clara comes down the
opens the door. She puts her ear close and listens. Now she
and it cautiously and peers inside. The door to her room is
slammed o.s. by a sporadic draft. It startles the girl
she quickly closes Miss Martin's door and hurries away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

ON the posse, riding hell-bent.

EXT. JAW BONE CANYON - DAWN

leading Arly and Julio, as they slowly pick their way along the
the difficult trail, skirting a roaring torrent. Julio is
and close behind him Arly is having a time negotiating
unsteady ground of a landslide.

FORBIDDING **ARLY AND JULIO AS THEY STAND CLOSE TO A DANGEROUSLY**
PORTION OF JAW BONE CANYON

head. She notices Julio staring o.s. and slowly shaking his

ARLY

Afraid?

Julio nods his head slowly, deliberately.

JULIO

Only for you -- you must not do this --
I will go through from here alone.

A faint smile of admiration brushes Arly's face.

ARLY

No, -- we're going through together.

futileness of Arly. Arly lashes her horse away. Julio realizes the further pleading and now moves his horse out after

EXT. ROAD NEAR KC RANCH - DAWN

night. The wagon with Dave and Rocklin coming out of the

CLOSE SHOT

is Dave is driving the team for all it is worth. Rocklin looking back. He turns to Dave.

ROCKLIN

You can ease up now.

DAVE

We're just about there.

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN

EXT. ENTRANCE TO KC RANCH - DAWN

the RANCH. A wooden gate is swung closed across the roadway. On gate is a crudely printed weather-beaten sign: K.C.

approaching. Over the scene comes the SOUND of the wagon

THE WAGON PULLS UP TO THE GATE

Rocklin hops out, opens the gate. Dave drives the wagon through. As Rocklin lets go the gate, it swings closed of its own accord.

EXT. SHED - KC RANCH - DAWN

Bob The shed is a short distance from the Caldwell house.
Over Clews is standing at a corner of the shed looking o.s.
the scene comes the SOUND of the wagon.

BOB CLEWS

(peering into shed)
Hey, George -- George, get up.

EXT. KC RANCH - DAWN

the The wagon moving slowly through the cottonwoods, along
CAMERA drive not far from the house. It stops now, and the
team MOVES CLOSER to get Dave and Rocklin as they leave the
moonlight and start stealthily toward the house seen in the
in the b.g.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

hat We pick up Clara in the act of nervously pinning on her
and in the dim light of a small lamp. She is fully dressed,
top once the hat is on, she looks around anxiously for her
and coat which she finds in the closet. She takes the coat
taboret starts hurriedly toward the lamp, sitting on a small
eyes near the door. As she bends over to blow it out, her
raise and she freezes.

MISS MARTIN HAS JUST OPENED THE DOOR AND STANDS THERE

STARING

ICILY FOR A LONG MOMENT

from Now she snaps the door closed without removing her eyes
Clara, and starts forward.

as The CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the two. Clara stands
one under an hypnotic spell.

MISS MARTIN

(in a very low tone)

You vile, ungrateful strumpet --
running away in the night, like a
deceitful sneak-thief --

CLARA

(unrestrained)

Yes -- I'm running away -- and it's
all your fault -- you're the one
who's been deceitful and sneaking --
and don't think I don't know what
you intend doing.

MISS MARTIN

(very controlled)

-- And don't think I don't know what
you intend doing.

CLARA

(crying, as she moves
away)

I don't care -- I'm not ashamed of
it -- and nothing you can say or do
is going to stop me.

MISS MARTIN

(hardly above a whisper)

You little fool -- if you go to Garden
City with that man -- you stand to
lose everything.

CLARA

(stops pacing)

But why? -- Why are you being so
secretive? -- If you know something,
why don't you tell me?

ON DAVE AND ROCKLIN AT THE WINDOW LISTENING

DAVE

(nods and mumbles to

himself)
Yeah -- why don't you? --

Rocklin quickly shushes Dave.

ON MISS MARTIN AND CLARA

MISS MARTIN

(Unmindful of the
presence of the men)
All right, I'll tell you -- Rocklin
is a nephew of the late Mr. Caldwell.
And, as nearest of kin, he stands to
get everything -- according to the
will. Because you are not the old
man's niece, but only his grand-niece.

DAVE AND ROCKLIN AT THE WINDOW LISTENING - ROCKLIN

SOBERLY -

DAVE WILD-EYED

MISS MARTIN'S VOICE

Rocklin turned up unexpectedly --

CLARA'S VOICE

And you and Mr. Garvey knew the truth
all the time?

MISS MARTIN'S VOICE

Yes.

Rocklin

If Dave keeps quiet any longer he'll burst. He spins
around and speaks in his natural voice.

DAVE

-- And you knew the truth all the
time, too -- didn't you? -- No wonder
you stuck around --

that

From Rocklin's expression it is quite apparent to Dave
he is right.

CLARA AND MISS MARTIN

the

Both women are staring dumbly toward the window. Now
realization that she has been overheard staggers Miss
Martin.
She utters a stifled scream and, seeing Rocklin

starting

through the window, runs from the room.

ROCKLIN - JUST INSIDE THE ROOM - TURNS TO DAVE

ROCKLIN

Get in here and take care of her.

pursuit of
Dave scrambles through the window and hurries in
Miss Martin. Rocklin is at Clara's side.

EXT. CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

crouched,
Bushes near the house. George and Bob Clews are
watching.

GEORGE CLEWS

Come on --

They move out.

EXT. ROAD BETWEEN SANTA INEZ AND THE KC RANCH - DAWN

The posse riding hard.

EXT. JAW BONE CANYON - DAWN

embankment
horse.
We see Arly and Julio as they descend a steep
toward the raging torrent. They both are riding Julio's

CLOSE SHOT

Arly and Julio; Arly seated behind Julio, considerably
disheveled and sobbing.

JULIO

(comfortingly)

You are crying, senorita --?

ARLY

(lying bravely)

No.

JULIO

(knows she is)

It is too bad we lose your horse.
She was good horse, for sure.

ARLY

If only we make it in time.

comes
tumbles

As they move away into a longer shot, a huge boulder crashing down the canyon side, across their path, and with a great roar and splash into the torrent.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Clara is talking feverishly to Rocklin.

CLARA

-- And I heard one of them tell my aunt not to worry, that he was just as anxious as she was to get even with you.

Dave enters from the hall carrying Miss Martin over his shoulder. He has her wrapped in a sheet and bound up in tassled curtain cord.

DAVE

(as Clara and Rocklin react)

This is the only way I could handle her.

ROCKLIN

The Clews are around here some place -- Garvey sent 'em out.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

George and Bob Clews at the window. George has his gun leveled, and a dirty smile twists his face.

GEORGE CLEWS

You bet we're around.

room,
Clara
wrapping.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as George Clews climbs into the room, followed by Bob. They disarm both Rocklin and Dave as Clara watches helplessly, and Miss Martin struggles in her wrapping.

GEORGE CLEWS

(to Bob)

Untie her.

BOB CLEWS

(to Dave)
Untie her.

Bob Dave puts Miss Martin down and begins undoing her as
covers him with his gun.

EXT. ROAD BETWEEN SANTA INEZ AND THE KC RANCH - DAWN

The posse riding.

EXT. MOUTH OF JAW BONE CANYON - FLAT COUNTRY - DAWN

start Arly and Juan leave the hazardous trail behind and now
across the flat on a run.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Dave has unwrapped Miss Martin and she gets to her feet
bristling.

GEORGE CLEWS

(to Bob)
Now tie him up.
(indicates Dave)

MISS MARTIN

(quickly, as she picks
up the tassled cord)
I'll take part in this -- you -- you
hairy beast.

Dave Bob Clews tosses the sheet over Dave's head. And as
struggles,

ROCKLIN AND GEORGE CLEWS

at Rocklin thinks he has George off guard and makes a pass
the him. But George is on the alert and strikes Rocklin on
head with his pistol.

ON CLARA AS ROCKLIN GOES DOWN

faint. She utters a choked cry and falls to the floor in a

WIDER ANGLE

as Miss Martin comes to Clara and kneels beside her.

MISS MARTIN

Help me get her to the bed.

FULL SHOT

of the room. Bob Clews has Dave securely tied, and now
assists Miss Martin in getting Clara to the bed.

GEORGE CLEWS

(indicating Rocklin
on the floor)

What'll we do with 'em?

MISS MARTIN

Take them in to Mr. Garvey and tell
him I must see him at once.

BOB CLEWS

(triumphantly)

We'll dump them right in the Judge's
lap.

George Clews picks up the unconscious Rocklin.

MISS MARTIN

(still administering
to Clara)

Hadn't you better tie him, too?

GEORGE CLEWS

(to Bob, after a
second's pause)

Get some more rope.

Bob hurries to do so.

EXT. ROAD TO THE KC RANCH - DAWN

The posse riding.

EXT. KC RANCH - DAWN

rear
Rocklin's
in.
Dave's wagon. Bob Clews is seen dumping Dave into the
of the wagon. George Clews stands near him with
unconscious form over his shoulder. Now he puts Rocklin

GEORGE CLEWS

Get our horses and meet me at the gate.

Bob runs after the horses. George gets onto the wagon seat -- swings the team around and heads for the gate.

EXT. FLAT LAND NEAR THE KC RANCH - DAWN

Arly and Juan riding hard.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE KC RANCH -DAWN

George Clews sits in the wagon waiting for Bob, who now comes out of the darkness with their horses. He dismounts, ties the horses to the back of the wagon, comes around in front to the gate. He is about to swing it open when he looks past the camera at Arly and Juan, who now pull up to the outside of the gate. Arly dismounts quickly, her gun in her hand. Bob Clews backs up toward the wagon as Arly walks through gate.

CLOSE SHOT

of Arly.

CLOSE SHOT

George Clews on the wagon seat. He is smiling and is going to try to bluff it out.

GEORGE CLEWS

(to Arly)

What are you doin' with that gun, Arly?

CLOSE SHOT

Arly.

ARLY

Get down from there before I show you.

INT. OF WAGON - DAWN

Rocklin has regained consciousness and listens.

GEORGE CLEWS' VOICE

Now listen, Arly -- this ain't your wagon --

ARLY'S VOICE

Neither is it yours -- Get down out of there -- before I knock you down.

up
Rocklin recognizes Arly's voice. Now he raises himself over the tailboard and falls out.

EXT. REAR OF WAGON - DAWN

ground.
The horses tied in back shy as Rocklin falls to the

EXT. FRONT OF WAGON - DAWN

wagon.
Arly, as she takes it and starts toward the rear of the

**THE
FOR
BOB CLEWS - STANDING CLOSE TO GEORGE - WHO IS STILL ON
SEAT - SEES HIS CHANCE TO GET ARLY AND SLOWLY REACHES
HIS GUN**

o.s.,
He no more than gets it out when a knife whirls in from getting him in the small of the back.

JUAN

George
He sits calmly astride his horse, his gun leveled on Clews.

EXT. REAR OF WAGON - DAWN

Arly is cutting the rope binding Rocklin.

ARLY

-- And they're headed this way and should get here any minute --

shining on
the

Rocklin gets to his feet. Arly notices something
the ground where Rocklin lay. She picks it up. It is
tobacco pouch with the steer's head of hammered silver.

ARLY

Where'd you get this?

ROCKLIN

(taking the pouch)

That belongs to the man who shot at
me on Table-Top -- Dave found it.

INT. OF WAGON - DAWN

Arly's
as
the

On Dave's Wrapped form, kicking the wagon tailboard.
head appears between the flaps above the tailboard and
Dave groans and kicks, she takes her knife and slits
rope binding him.

EXT. FRONT OF WAGON - DAWN

the gun
Once
sprawling.

Rocklin has come to George clew and we see him wrest
from his hand and yank George down from the wagon seat.
down, he lets him have a hard right that sends him

CLOSING

**ON GEORGE CLEWS GETTING UP OFF THE GROUND AND ROCKLIN
IN**

wildly.

They start fighting viciously. Arly rushes in crying

ARLY

(trying to stop Rocklin)

You've got to get away -- they'll be
here -- they'll catch you --

CLOSE SHOT

Rocklin. There is but one thought in his enraged mind -
Clews. He tears into him again.

ON ARLY AS DAVE JOINS HER

ARLY

(frantically)

You've got to stop him -- he's got
to get away.

IT UP

THE FIGHT - AS DAVE AND ARLY FUTILELY ATTEMPT TO BREAK

ON DAVE AS HE GETS IN THE WAY OF ONE THAT SITS HIM DOWN

SENDS

ON THE FIGHT AS ROCKLIN GETS IN A SUNDAY PUNCH THAT

GEORGE BACKWARD INTO A SHALLOW DITCH OUT OF SIGHT

ON GEORGE CLEWS LYING UNCONSCIOUS IN THE DITCH

EXT. ROAD NEAR THE KC RANCH - DAWN

The posse approaching.

EXT. FRONT OF WAGON - DAWN

Rocklin, Arly, Dave, Rocklin is about done in from the
fight.

DAVE

(anxiously)

Come on -- let's git goin' --

ROCKLIN

(as he walks to wagon)

Where's the girl?

DAVE

Back at the house --

ROCKLIN

We've got to get her.

ARLY

You haven't time -- they're coming --
don't you believe me? --

ROCKLIN

(to Dave)

Come on --

Arly's plea goes unheeded and he starts away toward the
house
on the run.

DAVE

(mutters)

Stubborn as an ole mule.

(shouts)

You're puttin' a rope around your
neck --

Dave runs after Rocklin.

WAGON

**ARLY AND JUAN - ARLY CLIMBING HURRIEDLY UP ONTO THE
SEAT**

ARLY

Get him --

(indicates Bob Clews)

-- out of sight, and follow me.

and

She takes up the reins now and swings the team around
off the road into the thickness of the trees.

EXT. CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

warily.

Rocklin and Dave. They are approaching the house

DAVE

(softly)

But what'll we do with the ole lady?

ROCKLIN

Anything you like.

DAVE

I'd like to pizen her.

EXT. GROVE OF COTTONWOODS NEAR GATE - DAWN

gate as

Arly is seated on the wagon seat looking toward the
Juan comes in on his horse.

ARLY

(pointing o.s.)

Look.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO KC RANCH - DAWN

they

At gate. The posse rides up. The gate is swung open and
ride through.

EXT. GROVE OF COTTONWOODS NEAR GATE-DAWN

At wagon. Arly jumps to the ground and speaks to Juan.

ARLY

Come on.

As she starts toward the house, Juan dismounts and follows.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

The posse comes riding in. Jackson, Garvey, Harolday, and a few others dismount and go toward the door.

ARLY AND JUAN

as they move stealthily into a spot shielded by undergrowth, which gives them full view of the front and one side of the house.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Miss Martin is coming into the room with a glass and a pill for Clara, who is still stretched on the bed.

MISS MARTIN

If you'll just take this -- you'll go to sleep --

The sound of someone knocking on the front door comes over the scene. Miss Martin exits hurriedly.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

At front door. Miss Martin opens the door, confronting Jackson and the group. She is bewildered.

JACKSON

Evenin' ma'am -- hate to bother you like this, but --

MISS MARTIN

(seeing Garvey,
interrupts)

I'm so glad you've come, Mr. Garvey,
the most awful --

(as though seeing the
crowd for the first
time)

-- Why -- what are all these people
doing here?

GARVEY

We're after Rocklin -- has he been
here?

MISS MARTIN

(smugly)

Oh yes -- here and gone.

JACKSON

What!

GARVEY

(astounded)

Gone --

MISS MARTIN

(triumphantly)

Yes -- the two men you sent out are
taking him and that horrid old man
back to town.

GARVEY

The Clewses -- funny we didn't see
them.

JACKSON

Somethin' musta gone wrong -- We
better fan out and see what's goin'
on.

MISS MARTIN

(quickly)

Don't leave, Mr. Garvey -- I've got
to talk with you, privately --

As all but Garvey and Harolday go back to their horses,
Garvey
speaks.

GARVEY

But, madam --

MISS MARTIN

It's very important.

distaste

Garvey looks at Harolday in a manner evidencing his
and impatience.

HAROLDAY

We'll go on and meet you in town.

GARVEY

Perhaps you'd better.

(calls to Jackson

o.s.)

I'll meet you in town, Jackson.

JACKSON'S VOICE

Right -- come on, men.

Harolday

The sound of running horses comes over the scene as
hurries away and Garvey enters the house.

ON HAROLDAY AS HE GOES TO HIS HORSE

the

He starts to mount, but instead leads the horse into
bushes close to where Juan and Arly are watching.

ARLY AND JUAN - WATCHING

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Miss Martin and Garvey have been talking. Garvey paces
nervously.

GARVEY

(quickly, as he turns

to Miss Martin)

-- And you're positive he knows
everything?

MISS MARTIN

Absolutely everything -- He was
standing at the window all the time --
the scoundrel.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

but

Rocklin has his ear glued to the door. He can't help

the

smile at Miss Martin's reference to him. Dave is behind

close

curtain at the window, watching the outside. Clara is
to Rocklin.

ROCKLIN

(whispers)

You better get back on the bed -- in
case they come in here.

Clara tiptoes away.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

house and

Arly and Juan, as they watch Harolday approach the
go to the hall window.

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

nervously.

Garvey and Miss Martin. Garvey is still pacing very
He is trying to think of his next move.

MISS MARTIN

If you were to ask me, I think the
best thing to do is --

Garvey stops and glares.

GARVEY

(irritably)

I'm not asking you -- and don't bother
me with your silly questions -- we've
got to do something besides talk.

MISS MARTIN

(drawing herself up)

You mean -- you have to do something.

Garvey stops and looks at her again.

MISS MARTIN

-- This was all your idea, remember.

GARVEY

(tossing it off)

My idea -- that's all you know about
it.

THE DOOR TO CLARA'S BEDROOM

It is open and Rocklin stands there looking o.s.

ROCKLIN

If there's anybody else in on it --
speak up, Judge.

ON GARVEY AS HE WHIPS AROUND AND STARES AT ROCKLIN

ON MISS MARTIN - GAPING OPEN-MOUTHED

MISS MARTIN

Well -- I do declare --

She can say no more.

FULL SHOT

now
and
Rocklin steps away from the door, where Dave and Clara
stand. He has Garvey covered. Dave is pointing his gun,
grimacing at Miss Martin.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE -DAWN

At hall window -- on Harolday watching.

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Martin,
Garvey is stepping back, in a cold sweat, toward Miss
as Rocklin advances toward him.

ROCKLIN

(to Garvey, quite
casually)

Talk.

Miss Martin opens her mouth, about to speak.

FLASH

of Dave.

DAVE

(blasting, to Miss
Martin)

Not you.

CLOSE SHOT

Miss Martin. Her mouth snaps shut like a trap.

THREE SHOT

pouch
Garvey, Rocklin, Miss Martin. Rocklin takes the tobacco
out of his pocket.

ROCKLIN

(to Garvey)
Ever see that before?

GARVEY

(blanches)
No -- it's not mine.

ROCKLIN

Tell me whose it is.

GARVEY

(shaking)
No -- no -- I don't know --

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

about to
the
around
Harolday at hall window. He raises his gun -- he is
fire when a knife whirls out of nowhere and sticks in
window frame, inches from Harolday's head. He spins
and stares wildly here and there at the darkness.

**HAROLDAY'S
ANGLE**

There is no one in evidence.

ARLY'S VOICE

Drop that gun.

**TO
ON HAROLDAY AT THE HALL WINDOW - STARING HARD - TRYING
LOCATE THE VOICE**

has him
covered.

front
Arly.
The CAMERA PULLS BACK to a WIDER ANGLE, getting the
door as it is opened by Rocklin, who evidently heard

AT FRONT DOOR

Arly is prodding Harolday into the scene.

ARLY

(to Rocklin)

He was just getting ready to finish
you off, through that window.

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

Harolday is herded inside, close to Garvey and Miss
Martin.

ROCKLIN

(almost enjoying this)

You seem to like to do business
through windows, Mr. Harolday.

In the pause Harolday remains sneeringly silent.

ROCKLIN

You're not Clint's killer, by any
chance --

ARLY

(cutting in)

By one bad chance --
(glares at Harolday)
Juan saw you do it.

Harolday looks at Juan, who slowly nods.

ROCKLIN

Well, now we're gettin' some place --

He brings up the tobacco pouch. But before he can ask
about
it, Arly speaks.

ARLY

That pouch is his --
(indicates Harolday)
Juan made it for him a long time
ago.
(to Juan)
Didn't you?

Juan nods.

in a Rocklin, with a sudden transition, speaks to Harolday
hard, threatening tone.

ROCKLIN

(to Harolday)

Why did you kill Caldwell?

Rocklin Harolday doesn't answer. He finally looks at Garvey in
wild. desperation. Perspiration runs down Garvey's forehead.
Suddenly Harolday makes a mad dash for the door.

Rocklin shoots, but Arly pushes his arm and sends the shot
wild. Rocklin looks at her in amazement. Julio hurries out.

EXT. FRONT OF CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

toward On Harolday as he rushes madly across the clearing
the bushes where his horse waits.

Julio The CAMERA SWINGS BACK to the porch in time to catch
come crossing it in pursuit of Harolday. Arly and Rocklin
through the open door and stand on the porch watching.

**THE BUSHES WHERE HAROLDAY'S HORSE IS HIDDEN - ARLY AND
ROCKLIN'S ANGLE**

nothing They see Julio disappear in the brush. For a moment
moves happens; now Harolday's horse bolts out, riderless, and
gallops away. Now Julio comes slowly into view. He
slowly and deliberately back toward the house.

AT PORCH

Julio comes in to Rocklin and Arly. The three exchange
significant glances as we

DISSOLVE

INT. HALL - CALDWELL HOUSE - DAWN

and In the hall are Clara and Miss Martin, Rocklin, Arly
evidently Julio, Dave and Garvey. Garvey is seated and has

been talking in the way of confession.

GARVEY

-- Harolday wanted the K.C. like he wanted the Santee and the Hardman place, for his land scheme -- He planned on breaking up the ranches into small holdings and selling to dirt farmers. He pretended to be on the outs with me so I could get Caldwell's confidence. And when Red caught me with the crooked cards and threatened to expose me -- Harolday shot him.

ROCKLIN

Why did he kill Clint? An' not me?

GARVEY

That shot was an accident -- it was meant for you. We planned on getting the women to let me handle their business --

MISS MARTIN

(interrupting, furious)

-- And do us out of everything --

(moves close to Garvey)

You vile -- wicked -- despicable --

large
Garvey's
to

She is beside herself in her anger -- and taking up a vase sitting nearby, she smashes it to pieces over head. Garvey goes down unconscious. Miss Martin rushes her room screaming. Clara follows her.

ON DAVE GRINNING BROADLY - ROCKLIN COMES TO HIM

ROCKLIN

When he wakes up -- we'll have him put everything on paper.

DAVE

Well, you'll have to do the writin' -- 'cause I don't know how to write.

CLARA HURRIES BACK TO THE GROUP FROM UP THE HALL

CLARA

(genuinely concerned)

Oh, Mr. Rocklin -- please -- I think Auntie is out of her mind -- she's in her room -- laughing.

DAVE

(grimaces)
What that ole pelican needs is a good spankin'.

ARLY

(who has been silently listening)
And I'll bet you're just the one who can do it.

DAVE

(his eyes flash with an idea)
Yeah -- I believe I am.
(looks at the group)
I know I am.

He starts away down the hall, rolling up his sleeves. Rocklin's eyes wander to Clara, who seems quite at a

loss.

Now he moves slowly toward her. In the b.g. Arly

watches

Rocklin's every move.

ROCKLIN

I guess there's no rush for you to get to Garden City, now --

After a slight pause in which she becomes conscious of

Arly,

Clara speaks.

CLARA

No -- I don't suppose there's any -- rush --

There is another short pause. Rocklin glances at Arly,

and

Arly assuming they want to be alone, turns and goes out

the

door, leaving Julio attending Garvey.

CLARA

(after Arly goes)
If I was like her, I'd stay in the West.

ROCKLIN

That means you're goin' back East --
Cousin Clara?

CLARA

(smiles, nods)
It's where I belong -- I know that
now --

ROCKLIN

It's good to know where you belong,
I reckon -- Wish I knew.

CLARA

(wistfully)
I can tell you -- you belong with
her --

Rocklin takes it -- a faint smile brushes his face. He
turns
now and walks out.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. GROUNDS NEAR CALDWELL HOUSE - SUN-UP

Arly is seated on the shaft of an old wagon. The first
rays
of the morning sun streak through the trees across her
as
she smiles wistfully down at the antics of a little
woodchuck
cavorting on the ground close to her. In a moment
Rocklin
comes into view in the b.g. He spots Arly, who has her
back
to him, and walks over. His approach frightens the
woodchuck
away, and turns Arly's head toward him. Neither has
anything
to say. Now Rocklin sits beside Arly, but faces the
other
way.

ROCKLIN

(after a pause)
Thanks.

ARLY

For what?

ROCKLIN

Everything.

There is another stilted pause.

ARLY

(her eyes sweeping
the morning)
Beautiful day.

ROCKLIN

(reflecting)
It didn't start out so beautiful.

ARLY

That's true of lots of things.

ROCKLIN

Fer instance?

ARLY

(hesitantly)
Well -- you and -- me.

the
Rocklin's

There is another pause. But worlds are being said in
language of eyes. Their heads move closer and now
arms sweep around the girl and they kiss.

THROUGH
THE GRASS

DAVE

(shouting)
Hey, Rock -- Rock -- get out your
pencil and paper --

The two stop abruptly and look o.s.

ON ROCKLIN AND ARLY KISSING ON DAVE AND JULIO

DAVE

(grimacing)
Doggone it -- here Garvey is back in
this world -- an' they're out of it.

FADE OUT

THE END